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TRAVEL NUMBER

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 17 Jan. 1962



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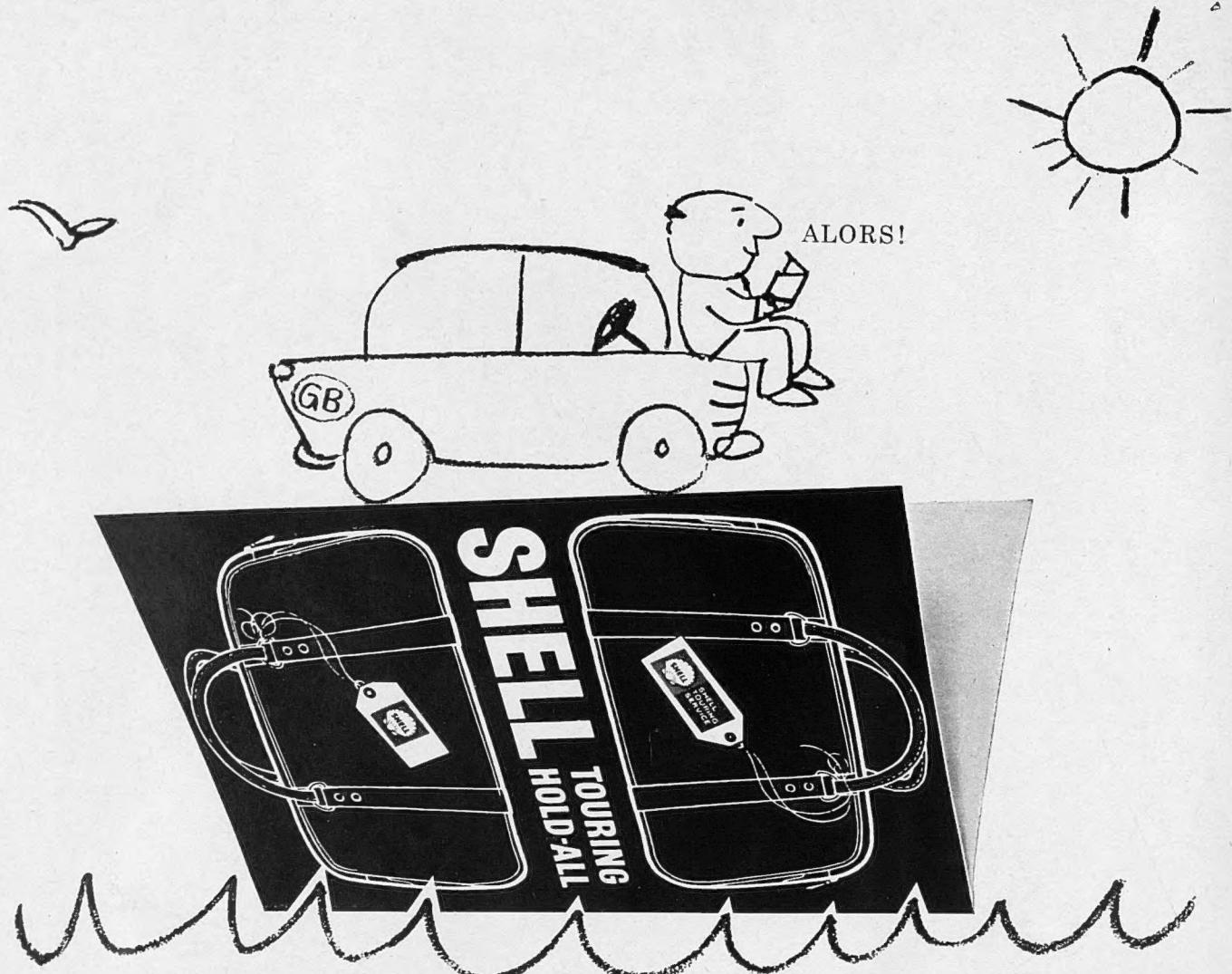
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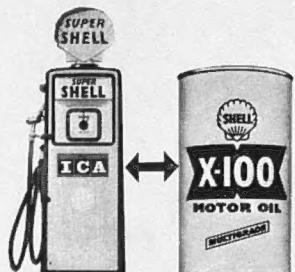
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

17 JANUARY, 1962

Volume 243 Number 3151

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This week the Tatler's Travel Number writes its own ticket to some faraway places with the special kind of excitement and charm that call people back to them time and again. Doone Beal expands the theme on page 134 onwards. With travel goes good eating—Cynthia Ellis proves the point on a winter journey through the Loire château country, see page 141. Fashion's safari was to Nassau, where David Sim photographed Cruise Coolers. Keith Cunningham devised the travel cover, Barry Warner took the picture



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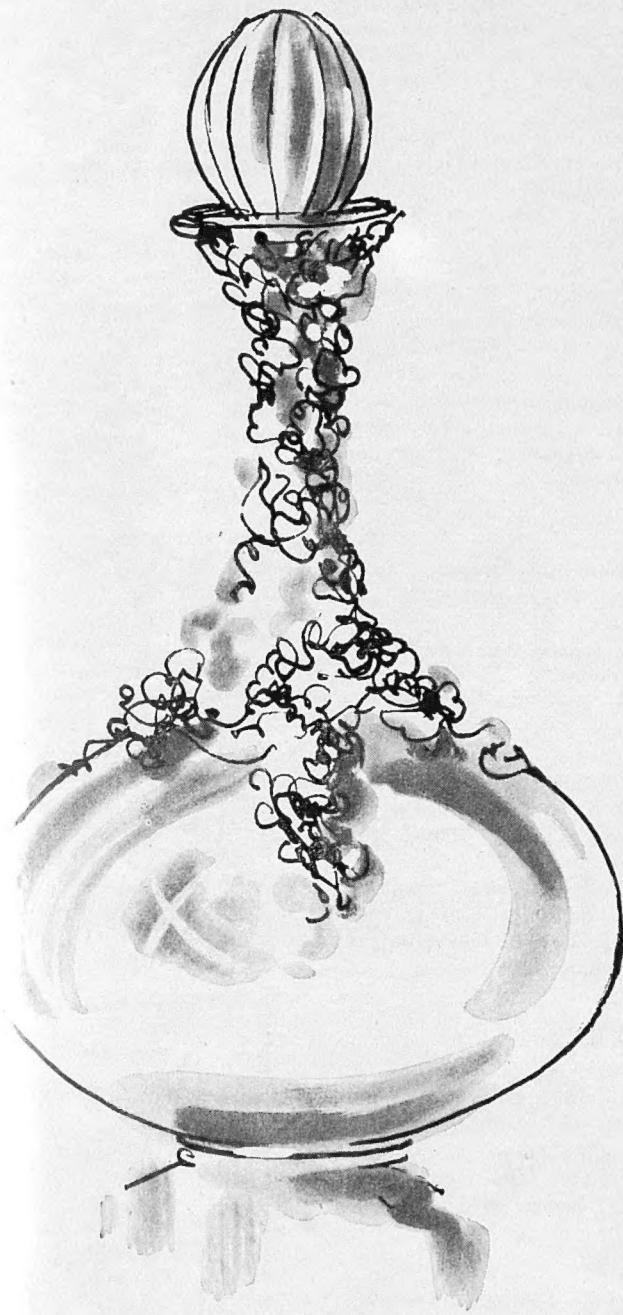
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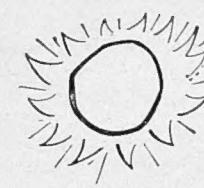


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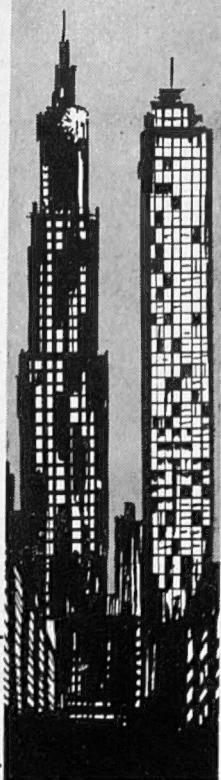
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TOP PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Hunt Balls: Cowdray, Cowdray House, Midhurst, 19 January; V. W. H. (Bathurst), Bingham Hall, Cirencester. Hampshire Hunt, Guildhall, Winchester, 26 January; Fernie, Deene Park, Northants, 27 January; Royal Agricultural College Beagles, Bingham Hall, Cirencester, 9 February.

"Horse & Hound" Ball, in aid of the Olympic Games Equestrian Fund, Grosvenor House, 18 January.

Field Trials: Southern & Western Counties (retriever novice dog & handler stakes), Sutton Scotney, Hants, 18 January. Spaniel Championship, Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, Oxon, 23, 24 January.

"Enchantment, or Escape to Sanity," Scala Theatre, 23 January, in aid of the Greater London Fund For The Blind. (Particulars from Miss Frances Murphy, 29 Lissenden Mansions, Lissenden Gardens, N.W.5. GUL 4352.)

London-Perthshire Association Dinner Dance, Quaglino's, 2 February. (Tickets, £2 each from Mr. J. R. Hamilton, MIN 1371 or Ruislip 3007.)

The Queen will attend a gala preview of *H.M.S. Pinafore* at Her Majesty's Theatre in aid of the King George's Pension Fund for Actors &

Actresses, 7 February. (W.H. 6606.) **Challoner Club Cocktail Party,** Challoner Club, 7 February. (Particulars from Squadron Leader Young James, WES 3117.) **Pineapple Ball:** Grosvenor House, 8 February.

WINTER SPORTS

Army Ski Championships (downhill & slalom), St. Moritz, 23, 24 January; **Derby Sciatori Cittadini**, Sestriere, 27, 29 January; **Inter-Services Championships**, St. Moritz, 30, 31 January; **British Ladies Racing Week**, Château d'Oex, 30 January to 4 February; **Inferno**, Mürren, 4 February; **World Championships** (Alpine) Chamonix 10-18 February; **Gornergrat Derby**, Zermatt, 16-18 March; **Scottish Kandahar**, Glencoe, 15 April.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Plumpton, today; Wincanton, 18; Newbury, 19, 20; Catterick Bridge, 20; Wolverhampton, 20, 22; Kempton Park, 24, 25; Lingfield Park, 26, 27; Warwick, 27, 29 January.

RUGBY

England v. Wales, Twickenham, Middlesex, 20 January.

SQUASH

England v. Wales, Wimbledon, 19 January.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Cinderella*, 7.15 p.m. tonight & 25 January, 2.15 p.m., 20 January; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 7.30 p.m., 20 January; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 2.15 p.m., 27 January, 7.30 p.m., 29 January; *Le Baiser De La Fée*, *Scenes De Ballet*, *The Firebird*, 7.30 p.m., 27 January. (cov 1066.) **Covent Garden Opera.** *Die Zauberflöte*, 7.30 p.m., 18, 22 January (last perf.); *Don Carlos*, 7 p.m., 19, 23, 26, 30 January; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 7.30 p.m., 24 January. (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall. London Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Sir Malcolm Sargent, in William Walton programme, including first London performance of *Gloria In Excelsis Deo*, 8 p.m., 18 January; Messiaen's *Réveil des Oiseaux*, first perf. in Britain, B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra & Men's Chorus, 8 p.m., 24 January; Delius Commemoration Concert by Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, B.B.C. Chorus & Choral Society, 8 p.m., 29 January. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Eugene Onegin*, tonight & 19 January; *Die Fledermaus*, 18 January; *The Marriage of Figaro*, 20 January (all last perf.); *La Traviata*, 23, 27 January; *Iolanthe*, 24, 26, 30 January, 1 February; *La Bohème*, 25, 31 January. All 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672-3.)

ART

Primitives to Picasso, Royal Academy Winter Exhibition. To 7 March.

Modern Spanish Art, Tate Gallery. To 18 February.

Modern Argentine Painting & Sculpture, I.C.A. Gallery, Dover Street. To 10 February.

Flower Paintings, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street. To 29 January.

Collectors' Choice, Gimpel Fils, South Molton Street.

Old Master Drawings from the C. R. Rudolf collection, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square. To 3 February.

AUCTION SALES

Sotheby's. Silver and plate, 18 January; Oriental carpets, English & Continental furniture, 19 January; English pottery & porcelain, 23 January; Old Masters, 24 January; Jewels, 25 January.

EXHIBITION

Royal Gifts Exhibition, Christie's, King Street, St. James's. To 21 January.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 157.

The Music Man. "... the story, admittedly extremely thin, is liberally coated with honey. The whole thing depends on the songs and the dances . . . we happily gyre and gimbble in the great sentimental waves that come creaming across the stage." Van Johnson, Patricia Lambert, Denis Waterman, Bernard Spear. (Adelphi Theatre, TEM 7611.)

The Amorous Prawn. "... a hearty farce packed with stuff that keeps the audience laughing . . . the leading parts are charmingly played." Evelyn Laye, Walter Fitzgerald, Jimmy Thompson, Hugh McDermott. (Piccadilly Theatre, GER 4506.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 157.

Judgment At Nuremberg. "... Strikingly impressive . . . superbly acted. . . . Mr. Spencer Tracy approaches his task, as an American judge, in a fine spirit of impartiality." Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich. (Leicester Square Theatre, WH 5252.)

The Innocents. "... Whether you believe in apparitions . . . or whether you believe they could be explained away in a trice by Dr. Freud, you will find this an absolutely riveting picture." Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave. (Rialto, GER 3488.)

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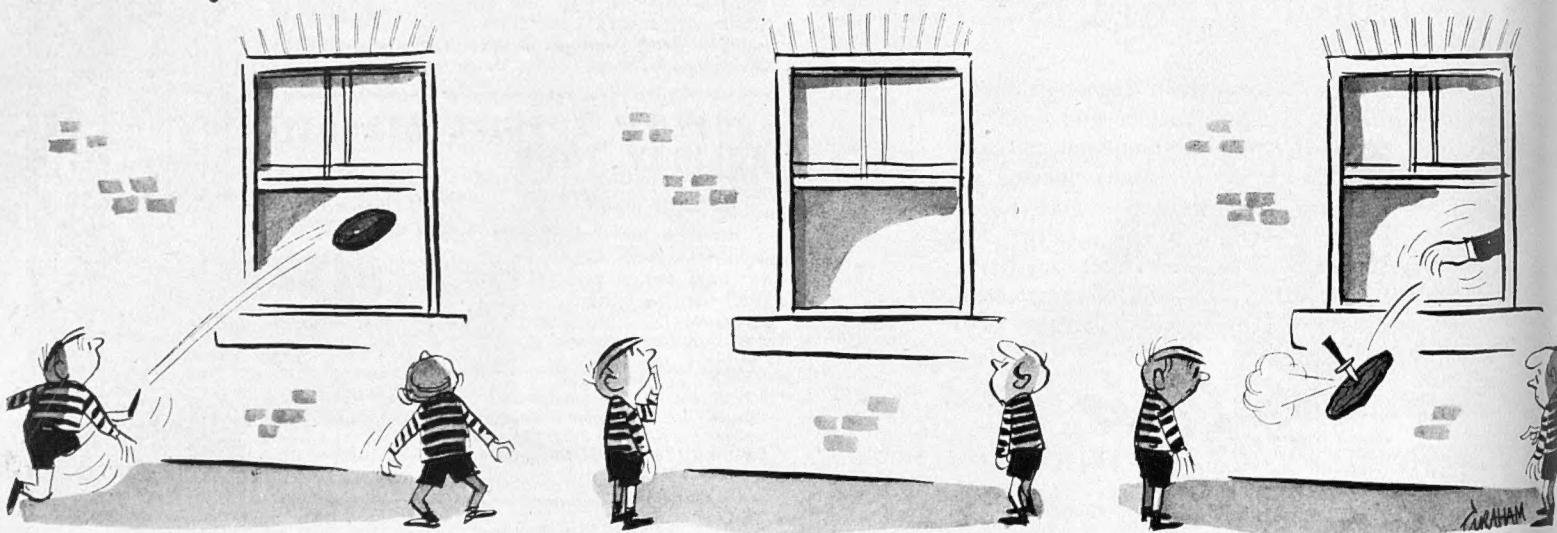
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TO EAT

Iain Crawford

Mr. Raymond's third

TUCKED AWAY IN A CORNER OF HANOVER SQUARE IS LONDON'S LATEST and most luxurious night spot, Paul Raymond's **Bal Tabarin**. Mr. Raymond already owns a couple of London's brighter after-dark centres, the Raymond Revue Club and the *Célébrité*, and reckons to know something about what makes the midnight wheels go round. He has made a most elegant job of his new restaurant-cabaret. It is not a club by the way—there's no membership fee. The dance floor and the band platform are in the centre of the room and a genuinely first-class view of everything can be had by everyone. The décor is in black and grey stripes with pale gold drapes and a purple carpet; black candles in crystal candlesticks burn on every table and the whorled ceiling round the dance floor provides a battery of cunningly concealed lighting centring in an inverted bowl of gold mosaic over the band. The atmosphere is darkly opulent and intimate—133 diners is the maximum capacity; they all have elbow room to eat and space to push back a chair to watch the floor-show. With an eye on show-business folk who work during the week and like to have somewhere glamorous to go on their one day off, Mr. Raymond is opening the *Bal Tabarin* on Sundays from 7 p.m. to midnight with the cabaret at 10. On weekdays the hours are from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. with two cabaret spots at 9.30 and 1 a.m. The music is in the subtle fingers of two bands, the Frank Weir Orchestra and the Ian Cameron group, both with individual rhythmic styles good for dancing feet and easy on the ear-drums. And the international star cabaret turns out to be just that.

Holding the floor in gold lamé and velvet at the moment is Britain's own importation from Las Vegas, Diana Dors, making her first West End cabaret appearance introduced by her husband, comedian Dickie Dawson. The most publicized, most discussed girl in British show-business adroitly proves that there is something to the publicity besides the well-known statistical outline. She sings voluptuously, sentimentally,

gaily and satirically with a bright and shimmeringly professional sense of timing, tune and impish mischief which is both endearing and compelling.

At the short, cruelly exposed range of cabaret Miss Dors is a wow. And to prove that Mr. Raymond was not idly boasting about employing only top international stars, the programme announces that she is being followed by Buddy Greco, Billy Daniels, Rose Murphy and Mel Tormé.

The *table d'hôte* dinner including cabaret and dancing costs 52s. 6d. or you can order *à la carte* for a minimum of 27s. 6d. plus 25s. cabaret and dancing charge. Prices for individual dishes are West End average—*Scampi Provençale*, 15s. 6d., *Poussin Grillé*, 15s. 6d., *Filet de Boeuf Maître d'Hôtel*, 21s.—and the standard of cooking high. The voluminous wine list offers 82 wines from four countries, in addition to sherries, ports, vermouths, spirits and liqueurs, ranging from a Médoc at 32s. 6d. to a Louis Roederer Rosé Champagne 1953 at 130s. Whisky, gin and vodka are 4s. a glass. An evening at the *Bal Tabarin* for two is unlikely to leave you much change out of £8 but this is night-life up to a standard and not down to a price, top quality all the way through from the cabaret to the Melba toast. London offers nothing better.

Cabaret calendar

Bal Tabarin (GRO 4203) *Diana Dors, introduced by Dickie Dawson*

The Room at the Top (ILF 5588) *Joan Turner, vocal comedy*

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Tony & Eddy star in Extravaganza, a spectacular floorshow*

Talk of the Town (REG 5051) *Joan Regan. Plus the Ten O'Clock Follies*

Society (REG 0565) *Paddy Roberts singing at the piano*

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Gill & Terry*



Maggy Saragne is in cabaret at the Savoy



TO EAT

John Baker White

Bayswater pace-setter

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

Hertford Hotel, Porchester Terrace, Bayswater. (AMB 4461.) Having recently spent three nights here, I wish I could show it to some of those people who, from ignorance or prejudice, are always grizzling about our hotels. I could not wish for better, in terms of comfort, amenities, good cooking, and courteous staff, not forgetting a splendid view from the upper floors. And the cost? From £4 per night for a double room, £2 10s. 0d. for a single: all rooms have private bathrooms. In the restaurant you can eat jolly well for under £1 per head. The Hertford is further evidence of the good job that Trust Houses are doing for British tourism.

Fountain Restaurant, Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly. This restaurant, well-known to a large number of shoppers at mid-day, is now open in the evening until 11.30 p.m. from Monday to Friday inclusive, for light meals and after-theatre suppers that won't keep you awake. And when you choose your wines at Fortnum's remember that Mr. Polly is a most discerning buyer, with great skill and experience in judging how young wines will develop.

Marcel, 14 Sloane Street. (BEL 4912.) C.S. Here I ate the best *Coquille*

St. Jacques of 1961, and one of the best *terrines*. It is not surprising that it is essential to book a table. The cooking is French, imaginative, and admirable, with Marcel himself constantly about the place. As in its companion establishment *La Surprise*, the dishes of the day are written on a blackboard, with main course prices about the 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. mark. The wine list is sensibly suited to the cuisine. The ventilation could, I think, be improved. W.B.

A farmhouse in Kent

The Nevill Crest & Gun, Eridge Green, near Tunbridge Wells. (Groombridge 209.) Once a 15th-century farmhouse, this inn was acquired not long ago by Goodhews. With skill and good taste they have restored much of its original glory of fine timber and fireplaces. The food and beer are what they should be in a house of this kind—English, honest, and good, with reasonable prices and attention to comfort. Hours for food are 12.30 p.m.-2 p.m. and 7 p.m.-9.30 p.m. Closed for dinner on Sunday and all day Monday. W.B.

Wine notes

At a tasting at the Charing Cross Hotel under the patronage of the French Embassy, we were able to taste two white, three rosé and four red wines from the Côtes du Rhône. My favourites were two red, the 1952 Chateauneuf-du-Pape and the Hermitage of the same year, and the 1959 Lirac rosé—in that order. We were told that the Rhône produces 22 million gallons of wine annually—almost as large as the combined production of Burgundy and Bordeaux. I congratulate Mr. Lahain of the Charing Cross on the excellence of the buffet, a reminder that this hotel is a good place for luncheon; but you must book your table.

Beauty in the sun and snow



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PORTRAIT OF A BALLERINA

Anya Linden was born in Manchester but received her early dance training in California. She later joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet School and became a soloist with the Royal Ballet in 1954. Two years later she created a leading role in *Noctambules*, and in *Agon* in 1958, the year in which she was promoted to ballerina status. Anya Linden, photographed here in the dressing-room by Michael Peto, dances in all the classical repertory and has just returned from Monte Carlo where she and Margot Fonteyn were guest artists. Miss Linden is 27. Next week: Lynn Seymour

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THE TATLER
17 JANUARY 1962

MAIDEN VOYAGE PARTY

The new Union-Castle liner Transvaal Castle sails tomorrow for South Africa just a year and a day after her launching on Clydebank. High on the liner's bridge her commander, Captain A. G. Patey, points out the shipping moored in Southampton Docks to (from left) the Hon. Anthony Cayzer, Lord Rotherwick, Lady Cayzer and Sir Nicholas Cayzer, Bt., chairman of Union-Castle. Sir Nicholas and Lady Cayzer, who launched the ship, welcomed guests on board for a luncheon party to celebrate the maiden voyage. Muriel Bowen writes about the ship overleaf with more pictures by Desmond O'Neill



Suddenly, the call of the sea gets stronger

By Muriel Bowen

AT SOUTHAMPTON HOUSE FLAGS FLUTTER IN THE cold wind that blows in from the Isle of Wight. Newly painted hulls provide a bright kaleidoscope of colour as a galaxy of ships gets ready to sail to the sun. It's much the same picture as last year but with one essential difference. Travelling by ship has suddenly recovered its cachet. Where one could get to in X number of hours on an Economy air ticket is no longer a good talking point. People simply *want* to sail, slowly, sedately, and splendidly in ships again. Nobody quite knows why. But all at once everybody is doing it. I've recently sailed down the Clyde in the new Transvaal Castle. For months every berth has been booked for to-morrow's maiden voyage to the Cape. The Dowager Countess Jellicoe, that most tireless of globetrotters, will be on board and so will Major and Mrs. E. R. Buckley and their daughter, Lord & Lady Morton of Henryton, Mr. R. U. Law, the building magnate, & Mrs. Law, and Sir James & Lady McNeill. Sir Nicholas Cayzer, the chairman of the line, & Lady Cayzer will also be on board. There will be a lot of handshaking for them at ports of call, but they will enjoy themselves. Lady Cayzer's perfect holiday is a cruise; she's set her heart on one to New York. Her husband's perfect holiday is any place where he can put his feet up. "I'd like to do something like sailing a small boat," he told me. "I should want to do it well, that would take time and I just don't have the time." That the Transvaal Castle is sailing so soon after Christmas has been a wonderful bit of luck for the Cayzers' daughter and son-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. Michael Colvin. Sir Nicholas has given them the round trip to South Africa as a Christmas present. The Transvaal is a ship designed with women in mind. Everywhere there is charm and warmth in the colour schemes, the waitresses (called "stewardettes") are dressed by the Queen's dressmaker, Hardy Amies, and—all other ships please note—the ladies' hairdressing salon is run by a top class West End firm.

Some of the décor is so clever. For instance a meal in the dining-room is like eating al fresco in the garden of one of those lovely old Dutch houses in the Cape. The white windows (not portholes) are set in dark green walls and the floor is in the same colour, relief being provided by vivid touches of coral. But where the designers were so very original was in dealing with the engine casings which stretch down the centre of the room. These have been covered over to give the impression of an old-fashioned Dutch house, artist Felix Kelly providing the authentic touch with his murals.

It was fun sailing from Greenock to Southampton on the Transvaal Castle. Ideally all voyages out of Britain should start from the Clyde, with those majestic mountains always looking as if they're about to be the backdrop for some heroic drama. People quickly get sorted out on cruises. There were the bridge players, the eight circuits (one mile) round the deck before breakfast people, the gymnasium groups, and those who got so much out of the dancing and the night life that they were always late for lunch next day. People don't change much when they get on board ship. Mr. J. A. Thomson, financial brain behind the British & Commonwealth Shipping Co., naturally made money—he won the bingo prize. Vice Adm. John Hughes-Hallett, M.P., who heads the shipping side of the Transport Ministry, was enjoying this ship's facilities to the full. However, the challenge of a bicycle race in the gym got no takers when put to Capt. Patey's table. We didn't feel young enough in spirit to take on the unequal struggle with the Admiral, who cycles to work every morning. This latest Castle ship has a lot of small, intimate little rooms like the Cellar Bar with its racked wine bottles, rough-cast walls, and colour scheme of moss green and violet. I joined Lord & Lady Aberconway there for a pre-lunch drink. It was especially important to them that the cruise should go well as his John Brown firm built the ship. They were naturally thrilled by her obvious success. We talked of ships and ships and especially the ones that were warm, welcoming personalities. "I shall never feel quite the same again when the Queen Mary goes," Lady Aberconway told me with emotion. She met her husband on the Queen Mary; it was his only crossing of the Atlantic by sea.

THE SUN SHIPS

South, south-east and south-west, luxurious liners are off for a sure find—the sun. My co-favourite (with the Queen Mary) the Chusan will be slipping out through the fishing junks of Hong Kong to-day for Yokohama. Sir Harry & Lady Rachel Verney, Sir Philip & Lady Grey Egerton, Mrs. H. R. V. Jordan, and Lady O'Hagan are on board for the round voyage. They had Christmas in the eastern Mediterranean and Twelfth Night in the Bay of Bengal. I bet they were able to enjoy it, too, whatever the weather. With or without her stabilizers Chusan is the steadiest of ships. Sir William & Lady Worsley, the Duchess of Kent's parents, travelled out on Chusan to Bombay with a

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Sir Brian Mountain is shown the bridge control by a ship's officer

Maiden Voyage Party *continued*

*Guests leave the Transvaal Castle
after lunch on board*



*The Hon. Hugh Astor and Lady Rotherwick try
the bicycles in the gymnasium*



*Lord Rotherwick and Lady Sopwith at lunch.
Behind them is a mural of a South African scene
by Felix Kelly*

*Mr. A. C. Leeson, the Hon. Mrs. Haslam, and
Mr. John Eden, M.P., in the engine-room*



*Mrs. Michael Colvin, daughter of Sir Nicholas
Cayzer, the chairman of the Union-Castle Line,
in the galley*

The Caronia Sails

Heading towards the sun, the Cunard liner R.M.S. Caronia sailed from a wintry Southampton bound for Bermuda, Nassau and New York



Sir John Power, Bt., & Lady Power



Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bt.,
& the Hon. Lady de Trafford



Baron & Baroness Clifford

MURIEL BOWEN

continued

family party that included her brother, **Sir Felix Brunner**, and **Lady Brunner**. They've gone to watch the M.C.C. play in India, and to soak up some of India's January sun. Chusan's sister Arcadia is now in the Australian Bight with **Lord & Lady Baillieu**, and **Sir Douglas & Lady Copland** on board. They, too, had a good Christmas; slight tantrums in the Bay of Biscay wasn't such as to upset the disappearance of 330 plum puddings. Mr. & Mrs. **A. J. Quig**, and **Sir Ernest & Lady Lever** are doing the round voyage, getting back to London in about six weeks or so.

I've always found some very hotly contested sports events on the ships which go to Australia. There are horse races with wooden horses furiously wound up by women jockeys. Newcomers to Arcadia's passenger list always back the pretty girls. The old hands discreetly find out before putting on their money which jockey possesses an old-fashioned washing machine with a handle. It is the best possible practice for successful jockeyship on Arcadia.

Before the passengers arrived at Waterloo the boat train to the Caronia looked like a "Flowers Special." There were hundreds of boxes all being loaded on the train and eventually on the ship itself. There was a box of pretty ones in different shades of pink for

Florence Lady Norie-Miller who was going to New York via the Bahamas and West Indies, and then staying on for the 90-days Pacific cruise to Hawaii, Tonga, Samoa, Bali, Bangkok and points onwards. And there was a marvellous arrangement of yellow ones for the **Hon. Mrs. Hunter** who disembarks at Nassau on Sunday. Most of the holiday-makers were going to the Bahamas. Some, including **Earl & Countess Beauchamp**, **Mr. & Mrs. E. Ellsworth Jones**, and **Anne Lady Oakeley**, will go on to the U.S. afterwards. Lady Oakeley is an amusing woman and almost as young-looking as her daughter, actress Virginia McKenna, who saw her off at Waterloo. I wasn't surprised to see that she had the lion's share of the ship's *bon voyage* telegrams. "I may play the piano a little if it doesn't disturb the other passengers," she confided. From Nassau she will go in hops to Texas—"to a ranch, of all things."

The four young Berry children didn't lose much time in getting their mother, the **Hon. Mrs. Anthony Berry**, down to the ship's restaurant where a really sumptuous buffet—a good omen for things to come—had been set up. They were soon followed by **Lt.-Col. & Mrs. H. J. Aldington** and their daughter Susan; Marshal of the R.A.F. **Sir Arthur & Lady Harris** who had their daughter and son-in-law, the **Hon. Nicholas**

& **Mrs. Assheton**, to dine with them on board and **Sir Nigel & Lady Colman**. Sir Nigel's driving of his home-bred hackneys has been a feature of leading horse shows for many years and it was good news to hear from him the horses are not being pushed off the roads. "Shows all over the country are suddenly demanding amateur driving classes," he told me. **Mr. John Dickson, Q.C.**, hopes to stay at his place on Eleuthera until early March; **Mr. Dickson** was travelling too and well armed with cameras. **Baron & Baroness Clifford** go on from the Bahamas where he plans to fish and shoot duck. The **Earl & Countess of Airlie** disembark at Kingston, Jamaica, on Friday—both very sensibly brought very warm clothes for the first two days out from England. **Mrs. Andrew Kerr** is also disembarking in the West Indies; are **Mr. & Mrs. E. K. Cole, Major & Mrs. W. A. J. Lockhart**, and **Viscount Wimborne**.

Naturally SUN and a good time was everybody's objective. But affable **Sir John Power, Bt.**, was hoping for a little bit of business as well. He's brought a couple of cases of things from his yachting accessory business to tempt the pockets of smart, up-to-the-minute yachtsmen in the Bahamas. The gleaming white **Andes**, for years known as the "Queen of the Southern Atlantic" and now an all-year-round



Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Arthur Harris & Lady Harris



Anne, Lady Oakeley



Earl & Countess Beauchamp



Mr. Henry Ferry, the assistant restaurant manager, with Miss Betty Winsett and Mr. Jim Eiler of New York

cruising ship, set off with a great social splash. **Phyllis Lady Cahn, Comdr. Sir Geoffrey & Lady Duveneck, Col. & Mrs. M. W. Batchelor and Major & Mrs. R. L. Loyd** are now nearing St. Lucia on her. Still to come on the ship's itinerary are Honolulu, San Francisco, Cristobal, Barbados and Madeira which should mean some very healthy sun tans by the time they all see Southampton again at dinner time on 12 March. There were several distinguished medicos on board and I talked to one of them, **Mr. R. Y. Paton**. "I'm looking forward most to Hawaii," he told me. "I've been to the Pacific before but it will be my first time in Hawaii." The Patons are staunch supporters of travel by ship, and they consider the perfect ingredients for a cruise are, sun, a comfortable chair, a quiet square of deck, and a good book. **Sir Basil & Lady McFarland** travelled over from Northern Ireland to join the Andes at Southampton and still more travelling on her are **Sir Robert & Lady Evans, Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Hornby, and Major & Mrs. Alastair Urquhart**.

DAME SYBIL LAYS HER PLANS

The liner **Canberra** has crossed the Equator and is nearing sunny Australia with **Mr. & Mrs. A. E. R. Gilligan, Lord & Lady Rennell**

("It's a perfectly routine business trip for us," Lady Rennell told me) and **Sir Lewis Casson** and his wife, **Dame Sybil Thorndike**. The **Canberra** officers must have raised an eyebrow or two on discovering that Dame Sybil *came on board* with her favourite seasick pills. Somehow, though, I think they'll hate to see her disembark at Fremantle; considering how she viewed the voyage from the slush of New Year in London: "We'll make friends on board, but not too many. One doesn't want to make too many friends. Our nephew Hugh Casson did some of the decorations so we're going to cash in on that." Deck games? "Deck games did you say, child? At our age you don't have to join in, you don't have to do deck games. It really is a mercy being old."

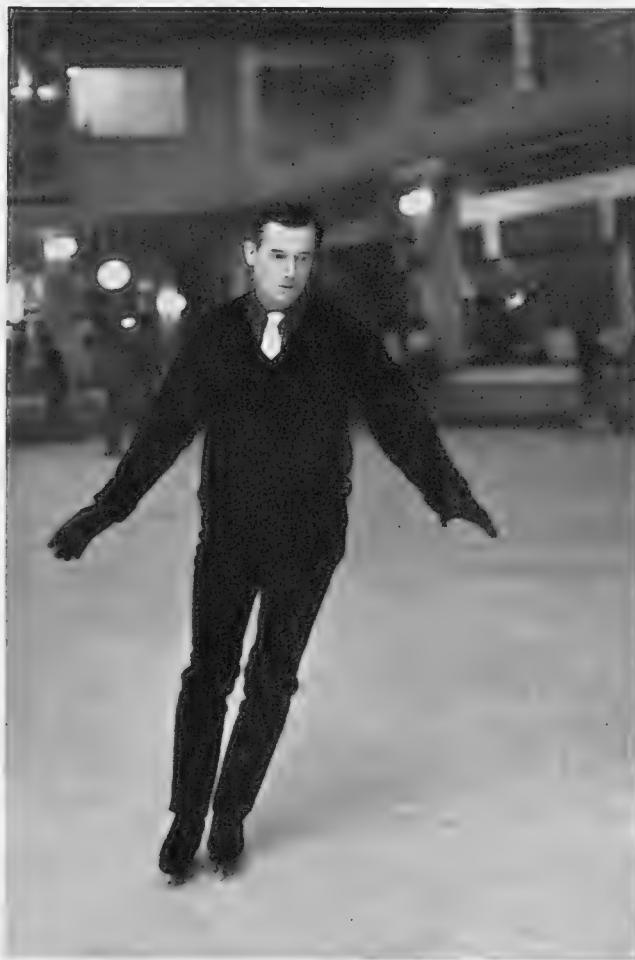
STILL MORE BY SEA

Who else is going where? **Lady Helen Berry** has taken her daughter, the **Hon. Catherine Berry**, who comes out this year, to Australia. They travelled out to New York on the **Queen Elizabeth** and they are on their way to Australia from there. "I've taken each of our four daughters on a trip before their coming out," Lady Helen tells me. The **Duke & Duchess of Richmond & Gordon** have now

crossed the Equator into the South Atlantic on the **Amazon**. They leave the ship at Buenos Aires, going from there to Chile to visit their younger son and his wife, **Lord & Lady Nicholas Gordon-Lennox**. Lord Nicholas is a Second Secretary on the commercial side of our Embassy in Santiago. In the far north Atlantic weather can be pretty ropey these days. Even so it didn't deter writer **Nicholas Monsarrat** from giving his bride, the former Anne Griffiths, a honeymoon at sea. Mr. Monsarrat is a great sea lover and his *Nylon Pirates* the most amusing of novels on luxury holiday cruising. But for his honeymoon he went not on a cruise but on a regular sailing of the **Empress of Britain** from Liverpool to Canada. Still more sailings. The **Antilles** leaves Southampton on Friday for the West Indies and as is the custom of the French Line there will be free wine all the way. **Sir Percy & Lady Sillitoe** are sailing in her, also **Countess Haig, Lady Lettice Cotterell**, and the **Hon. Mrs. Hartman**. In case I've given the impression that you've missed the boat there is still the **Rotterdam** going round the world in 80 days starting 2 February. It will be an international gathering with "quite a few English." Vacancies are being filled from the waiting list. Individual fares are from £964 10s. to £3,246 10s.



Where the ice stays hard



Photographs: Barry Swaebe

Even in the coldest snap the ice hardly ever lasts long enough for experienced skaters to take more than a couple of turns around their favourite lake, while for beginners the whole thing is a complete frost. Which is why enthusiasts—among them couturier Hardy Amies (left)—make for places like the Queen's Club in Bayswater where the ice can always be depended on



Mrs. Diana Turnock, Miss Pamela Wall, and Miss Julia Cornwall-Legh

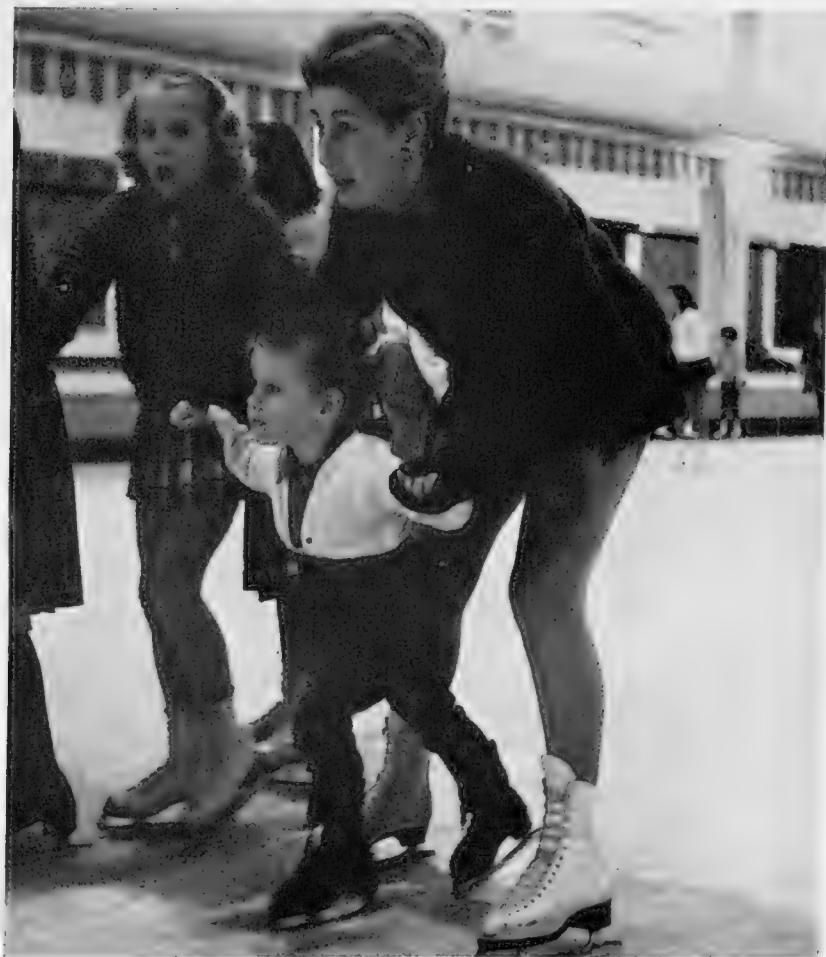


Miss Sarah Farrell



Left: Miss Josephine Storey, Caroline Miller and Elizabeth Storey

Right: Mr. Colin Kennard with his daughter Clare. Below: Miss Perri Horne, an instructress at Queen's, giving 2½-year-old Dominic Land his first lesson. With them is Janette Starling





Inventive top-knots in the judging parade. Susan Richards, Jane O'Boyle and Patricia Brown

PLEASE COME IN COSTUME!

Fancy head-dresses were in order for the party to help the Invalid Children's Aid Association held at the Savoy



Fascination of the East: Susan Clifford wears an Indian turban, Peta Wolsey an Arabian head-dress



Under the house of cards. Rosalind Hanby



Christmas pudding girl, Victoria Brewer



Traffic lights and a washing machine; Susan Hinton and Carol Chamberlain

Photographs: A. V. Swaabe



Desmond O'Neill

PAINTING POLITICS

Political faces are the speciality of 29-year-old portrait painter Brenda Bury. Among the men who have sat for her, either in her Chelsea studio or on her visits to America, are Lord Hailsham, Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Sir Grantley Adams and Mr. Diefenbaker, the Prime Minister of Canada. Mrs. Julian Amery and Lady Hailes are among political wives she has painted. Miss Bury is seen here working on a portrait of Lady St. Oswald (the sitter is in the background) intended as a companion to her first commissioned portrait which was of Lord St. Oswald.

The faraway places



The Theseum Tholos at Delphi, one of the preserved ruins at this seat of the most important temple and oracle of Apollo. North of the Corinthian gulf, Delphi is situated in a glen, guarded by the cliffs of Mount Parnassus

G. S. Cibotti

that call them back

BY DOONE BEAL

"It's a place we've found but we're not telling people. . . . No, St. Anton bored me because I don't actually *ski*. . . . Venice in August: but wasn't it impossible? . . . Greece! but don't tell me that you never saw Meteora! . . . Then didn't you *like* Nassau? . . ." The phrases fly in the confetti of winter cocktail-party conversation—the kind from which somebody is bound to emerge ONE DOWN. Is it better after all to know the hill towns around Siena like the back of your hand, or should one really have made a flying trip to Peru to qualify as a selective traveller? But for all practical considerations the true test of any place is whether not you want to go back there, either because of its untapped potential or because you know and love it just for what it is. I have my own ideas but in the meantime I've been talking to some other noted travellers about theirs . . .

Mrs George McWatters: Wife of the chairman of the *House of Commons* of Bristol, she combines being a high-powered hostess with the running of her new dress shop, 31 Park Lane.

I DRN BETWEEN GREECE AND AMERICA. GREECE. CORFU. I LOVE IT FOR THE IS REASONS: IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL, ABSOLUTELY PEACEFUL. IF YOU TAKE A BOAT OUT AND PADDLE AROUND THE COAST YOU CAN FIND BEACHES WITH NOT A SOUL ON THEM, THE SEA AND THE SWIMMING ARE GLORIOUS AND NOT SO SOUPY AS THE MEDITERRANEAN CAN GET. I LIKED THE TOWN OF CORFU ITSELF, TOO, FOR ITS MIXTURE OF ENGLISH REGENCY AND PURE GREEK. AND MOST OF ALL I LOVED IT BECAUSE EVEN IN AUGUST, WHEN GREECE ITSELF AND NEARLY EVERYWHERE ELSE IS DRIED UP AND PARASITED, CORFU IS STILL MARVELLOUSLY GREEN AND NOT CROWDED.

To this I add my own warning: the island is not crowded in the conventional sense, but hotels are few and one must book early in order to get accommodation in the best ones, such as the Mimbelli Palace.



Fayer



Anthony Nutting: *Predictably, he plumped for a part of the world he knows well and loves:*

THE MIDDLE EAST. JORDAN, I SUPPOSE, THEN SYRIA. BECAUSE IT'S WARM AND I LIKE THE PEOPLE: THE ARABS ARE A BIT LIKE THE IRISH AND I'M IRISH MYSELF. SAME KIND OF APPROACH TO LIFE. NOW, WHERE IN JORDAN? SOUTH JORDAN, WITH THE MOUNTAINS, IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART, BUT PETRA IS THE PLACE TO SEE, WELL WORTH THE TROUBLE OF GETTING THERE. I LIKE ANTIQUITIES ONLY IF THEY ARE ALSO BEAUTIFUL (WHICH PETRA IS). I'M FOND OF THE LEBANON, TOO: NOT SO MUCH BEIRUT AS THE HILL TOWNS AROUND IT, SOME OF THEM HAVEN'T CHANGED IN CENTURIES AND THEY ARE ALL MAGNIFICENTLY SITED. SIDON, TOO, ON THE COAST . . . ROMANTIC AND LOVELY TO LOOK AT. The time to go? SPRING. MAY ESPECIALLY, WHEN ALL THE WILD FLOWERS ARE OUT.



Mrs. Anthony Nutting: *Former model, Anne Gunning, she married Anthony Nutting in May last year. Her taste runs to the remote and romantic.*

INDIA. I'VE BEEN TWICE, BUT I WANT TO GO BACK ALL OVER IT. I LOVED IT BECAUSE IT IS STRANGE, UNFAMILIAR, A DIFFERENT AND MYSTERIOUS WAY OF LIFE. ONE OF THE SINGLE THINGS I REMEMBER, AMONG MANY, IS THE PAINTING FROM THE AJANTA CAVES, JUST OUTSIDE BOMBAY. AND FOR ITS SHEER BEAUTY, KASHMIR. THERE CAN BE NOWHERE ELSE QUITE LIKE KASHMIR IN THE WORLD.



Deborah Kerr: *Most recently seen in The Innocents, she has a nostalgia for the location of a much earlier film, Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison! which John Huston directed in Tobago.*

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO BACK TO TOBAGO AND HAVE TIME TO SPEND THERE WHEN I WASN'T WORKING. IT WAS BOTH GAY AND RELAXED AT THE SAME TIME. . . . DANCING BY TORCHLIGHT TO THOSE STEEL BANDS AT NIGHT, LYING ABOUT ALL DAY, FISHING—I LOVED IT. I SAW NONE OF THE OTHER ISLANDS—GRENADA, ST. VINCENT, MARTINIQUE: I'D LIKE TO REPAIR THOSE GAPS SOME TIME. MY SECOND LOVE—NOT THAT I'D NECESSARILY CALL IT SECOND—is SPAIN. I KNOW PAMPLONA AND THE NORTH COAST WELL, AND I'VE SPENT A LOT OF TIME IN MADRID. NOW I WANT TO SEE THE SOUTH: CAN IT POSSIBLY BE AS WONDERFUL AS IT SOUNDS?

Tony Richardson: Now working on a new production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Royal Court, before he starts filming Alan Sillitoe's *Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*.

I'D RATHER GO BACK TO NEW YORK THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD. I CAN'T GO BACK THERE OFTEN ENOUGH. WHY? BECAUSE YOU CAN HAVE OR DO ANYTHING YOU LIKE THERE, MORE THAN IN ANY OTHER CITY. TO ME, NEW YORK IS ABSOLUTE FREEDOM. SECOND TO THAT, I LIKE MEXICO—ESPECIALLY ACAPULCO. IT HAS ALL THAT THE SOUTH OF FRANCE HAS, AND MORE: BEACHES, SWIMMING, WATERSKI-ING, SKIN DIVING, HOTELS. ONE RESERVATION: YOU'VE GOT TO BE PREPARED TO STARVE. THE FOOD IS UNSATISFACTORABLE. WHAT KIND OF UNSATISFACTORABLE? NINTH GRADE INTERNATIONAL. I NEVER FOUND ANY OTHER KIND. ONE OTHER AND THAT IS ISCHIA: THE LAXING AND CONTEMPT OF PLACES. (Remembering more Neapolitan island in August, I asked in what season.) SEASON, JULY, AUGUST THE SUNSHINE MATTERS TO ME THAN THE FACT THAT OTHER PEOPLE HAVE THE IDEA. I DON'T MIND IT ANYWAY. IN FACT, I LIKE THEM.



Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray: Currently playing in *Heartbreak House*, at Wyndham's, they are faithful to one place, the result of a compromise:

WE'RE REGULARS AT THE COLOMBE D'OR, IN ST. PAUL DE VENCE. IT IS A STRANGE COMBINATION OF RELAXATION AND STIMULATION: INTERESTING PEOPLE, MOSTLY OF THE ARTS AND, SO FAR, NOT TOO MANY BRITISH. THE SMARTIES COME UP FROM CANNES AND MONTE CARLO AT LUNCHTIME, BUT IN THE EVENINGS—AND ESPECIALLY OUT OF SEASON—it is a little COUNTRY INN AGAIN, VERY SIMPLE, WITH OPEN FIRES AND SUPERB FOOD. THEY'VE BUILT A SWIMMING POOL NOW SO THAT ONE ISN'T COMMITTED TO THE HURLY-BURLY OF THE COAST. YOU CAN BE AS SOLITARY AS YOU LIKE, AND THE HILLS ARE A DIFFERENT WORLD FROM DOWN BELOW. WE'VE BEEN GOING THERE FOR SO LONG THAT WE ARE NOW PERSONAL FRIENDS OF THE MANAGEMENT: AND THE FRENCH, MORE THAN MOST PEOPLE, MELLOW AND IMPROVE ON ACQUAINTANCE.

Ian Fleming: Like his fictitious alter ego, James Bond, Mr. Fleming is an expert par excellence on the world's most exciting cities. I prised out of him the one he thought the most exciting and he, too, named Hong Kong:

IT'S ENOUGH JUST TO EAT THAT DELICIOUS CHINESE FOOD, SEE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS WEARING THEIR CHEONG SAMS. MAYBE IT IS BEAUTIFUL IN A SQUALID KIND OF WAY, BUT EVEN THE SMELL OF CHEAP FRYING OIL AND BEAN CURD IS EXCITING IN THAT CONTEXT. I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE POVERTY AND THE REFUGEE PROBLEM, BUT WHAT IS SO STAGGERING AND SO DELIGHTFUL IS THAT EVERYBODY LOOKS SO HAPPY, CLEAN, DIGNIFIED. THEN ALL THE JUNKS AND THE BATTLESHIPS IN THE BAY, SO SPLENDID. HONG KONG IS ALSO ONE OF THE FEW PLACES WHERE THEY UNDERSTAND THE USE AND SUBTLETY OF NEON LIGHTING . . . VIOLETS AND CRIMSONS AND BLUES. . . .





Crispian Woodgate

Geoffrey Agnew: *Moving spirit of Thomas Agnew & Sons, who recently brought off one of the great coups of the art trade in landing a Cranach and a Raeburn at a recent New York auction:*

I ALWAYS GO BACK TO ITALY, PARTLY BECAUSE I LOVE IT AND PARTLY TO KEEP MY EYE IN: TO ROME AND TO FLORENCE, YES, BUT ABOVE ALL TO VENICE. TO ME, A YEAR ONE DOESN'T GO TO VENICE IS A YEAR WASTED. ONLY ONCE, I'VE BROKEN AWAY AND GONE TO GREECE—TO DELPHI AND PARNASSUS, THROUGH THE PELOPONNESE TO CORINTH AND NAUPHILIA, BUT I DIDN'T MANAGE ANY OF THE ISLANDS. . . . THOSE I MUST SEE, AND IT IS SOMETHING I'D DO FOR SHEER PLEASURE, WHEREAS IN ITALY I'M FOR EVER ON THE QUI-VIVE—HALF WORKING IN A SENSE. NEW YORK IS ANOTHER FAVOURITE PLACE: WHAT'S THE THING ABOUT NEW YORK? I FIND IT ONE OF THE MOST STIMULATING PLACES IN THE WORLD, CLIMATICALLY AND SOCIALLY. I FEEL WELL IN NEW YORK. SECONDLY, I THINK IT IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CITIES IN THE WORLD. WHAT MORE LOVELY THAN THE SIGHT OF MANHATTAN'S SKYLINE, FROM THE TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE, ESPECIALLY IN THE EARLY MORNING OR AT DUSK, WHEN THE LIGHTS COME UP IN THE BUILDINGS . . . IT LOOKS LIKE A NEW WORLD, DON'T YOU THINK?



Lady Douglas of Kirtleside: *The wife of B.E.A.'s chairman, she has travelled through such a plethora of countries that the answer was not easy to find. Finally she said:*

I THINK JAMAICA. BECAUSE OF THE COLOUR, THE SUNSHINE, THE CALYPSOS, THE GAIETY, THE PEOPLE. ESPECIALLY THE BLUE MOUNTAINS. BUT TO STAY IN, ROUND HILL, NEAR MONTEGO. I LIKE IT BECAUSE IT IS CIVILIZED. BUT CIVILIZED IN A DIFFERENT WAY. I MUST HAVE CHANGE. FOR THAT REASON I ADORE HONG KONG, AND I LONG TO GO BACK. IT IS SUCH A WONDERFUL SHOCK AND SURPRISE TO SEE, THAT IT MIGHT POSSIBLY LOSE SOMETHING ON THE SECOND DOSE, BUT I'M PREPARED TO RISK IT.



Enzo Raggazini

Doc Beal adds: Asking myself the same question, I agree with my interviewees on Greece. One can never see enough of it, each visit leaves the appetite whetted for more. And nowhere else in the world do I find more stimulating, more fun than New York. I know Corsica less well than either, but all-too-brief a visit has left me hankering to go back there. I loved it because it is wild, really wild. Completely unexploited, yet with the underlying civilization of the French. (Not the least of its appeals is its good bourgeois French cooking.) The places I have earmarked for return are Porto, a tiny fishing village with two perfect little beaches and a handful of small hotels, on the west coast, and the rocky peninsula of Cap Corse, which juts out from Bastia. I am told that there is "nowhere to stay" there except in the town of Bastia itself, but I'd be prepared to go to have a look for myself.

For much the same reasons, I love Sardinia too. As in Corsica, one must have a car to see the island, get up into the hill towns such as Fonni. Touring Sardinia is far easier, in that

there are a series of small but well appointed hotels scattered throughout. But the image of one particular place stays in my mind's eye: Santa Margherita, near Cagliari. A delightful hotel, the Is Morus; steep, powdery beaches, little thatched beach huts. In fact, an almost Caribbean atmosphere in a Mediterranean setting—just as the port of St. George's, in Grenada, has a European flavour in a Caribbean setting. Both represent, to me, the best of both worlds, bread buttered on either side, and why not? Grenada and St. Vincent are the twin axes for exploring the tiny Grenadine islands peppered between—Tobago Cays, Bequia, Carriacou, which must rank with those of the Aegean for some of the best sailing in the world.

If I cannot wander about practically barefoot on a remote island beach, I'd rather be in the thick of a city: Florence perhaps most of all, just to look at it again. Vienna for things to listen to—the Vienna Philharmonic, the Vienna Boys' Choir, the Opera. Deliciously Straussey restaurants where one dines by candlelight, and there is an abandonment to gaiety that is

peculiarly Viennese. Some people have argued that the city is a sad, romantic ghost of its great, late 19th-century glory. Maybe it is. But for me, the ghosts are still around.

HOW TO GET THERE

Peru: BOAC via New York and Nassau, £327 5s. return.

New York: BOAC, Pan American, £115 10s. return.

Mexico: Pan American via New York, £217 on a 17-day excursion.

Hong Kong: BOAC, via India, £374 8s. return.

Athens: Olympic, BEA: £84 12s. return. **Corfu:** £9 return extra.

Nice: BEA, Air France, £28 7s. return.

Ajaccio, Corsica: BEA £35 15s. return.

Grenada: BOAC/BWIA, £252 return.

Vienna: BEA, Pan American, Austrian Airways: approx. £50 return.

Sardinia: B.E.A. to Alghero, £48 3s. return.

Bombay: BOAC, Air India: £246 12s. return.

Delhi (for Kashmir): £246 12s. return, BOAC, Air India.

3

nights at the opera

by J. Roger Baker

DR. OTTO KLEMPERER'S NEW PRODUCTION OF *Die Zauberflöte* at the Royal Opera House is not nearly so dull as many of the next-day notices might have us believe. As with *Fidelio*, which he conducted and produced last season, Dr. Klemperer treats *Die Zauberflöte* in a conventional way. Far from being dull, this is refreshing. By letting the singers stand there and sing; by not indulging in gimmicks or tortuous symbolism, he allows the music to make its own impact. Also like *Fidelio*, this work is seen as a parable of human struggle towards an ultimate goal. In Beethoven's opera this was towards freedom; in Mozart's, perfection.

This treatment goes far towards reconciling those usually warring elements of comedy and mysticism that make *Die Zauberflöte* such a puzzle. Obviously, since his view of the opera is more cosmic than comic one could not expect Dr. Klemperer to twinkle through the score as though Mozart was in a frivolous mood. His approach is majestic with the *ensembles* kept on a tight rein, yet the lighter moments have a joyous touch. Geraint Evans does not overplay his comic business as Papageno and shows us a sensual man pursuing happiness despite odds he is incapable of dealing with. Richard Lewis is Tamino, the spiritual man whose soul must be purified by fire and water before he finds peace. Both artists sing with professional finish, Mr. Evans with a robust but smooth tone, Mr. Lewis smoothly calculating in his best effects. Miss Joan Carlyle is one of those rare people—an opera singer who is lovely to look at; her voice matches her appearance. Her study of Pamina wants depth and a more melting tone, but she won the warmest applause from an audience that quickly realized her potential. For the first performances of the opera, Miss Joan Sutherland sang the coloratura role of the Queen of the Night, making less than her expected impact, and Mr. Hans Hotter gave tremendous authority to the small part of the Speaker of the Temple. Next month Sadler's Wells Opera revives *The Magic Flute*, but meanwhile Mozart is represented by *The Marriage of Figaro* in a production with distinct overtones of *H.M.S. Pinafore*—full of winks and nudges and coy glances. If this style-less frolic does a disservice to Mozart, the audience loves it and one hopes to see Wendy Baldwin, making her début here as a radiant Countess, in something more suitable to her obvious talent. In contrast, Rossini's version of *Cinderella* is witty and stylish, with crisp ensemble work and fetching décors.



Geraint Evans, as Papageno, and Joan Carlyle as Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte* at Covent Garden

Erich Auerbach

TABLES IN TOURAINE

Photographed and described
a gastronomic journey through

by Cynthia Ellis on
the château country

THIS is the time to leave England for a week of luxurious eating and château-collecting along the Loire. While the concierges who sit at the gates to take your money may lose something of their sweet nature in winter weather, the châteaux themselves take on a new romance with their spires wreathed in white mist and the bare branches of the January trees lending them a delicacy that is lost in summer. The roads are empty of cars and every château is entirely your own, not a tourist in sight, only a few rare and hardy French honeymooners. Even the wine cellars and underground mushroom caves seem warmer in winter than in summer and are still open to visitors until dusk as are the châteaux.

Touraine forms the heart of the Loire landscape. The district found early favour with French kings for its good-tempered climate and rich farms and vineyards, and the traveller can still fare royally, winter or summer. The regional wines are not to be compared with the great Bordeaux and Burgundies, but they make good holiday wines. Chinon and Bourgueil are red, lively, with an elusive hint of raspberries; Montlouis and Vouvray are white, light and radiant.

The Loire and its tributaries are rich in fish so salmon and pike are found on every menu card. There is plenty of game in the woods too—shooting parties are a common sight in winter—and the partridges and pheasants reach

the restaurant table. There are good local cheeses to track down: *Bleu de Touraine*, *Sainte Maure*, *Petits Ronds*, *Loches*; and two moist, bitter goats' cheeses—*Chèvre de Ligueil* and *Chèvre de Selle sur Cher*.

Here's the rub: many of the hosteries and restaurants listed in the better known gourmet's guide books are closed from November to March. You can drive many miles and be met with a closed door the other end. But the six listed here are unfailing in the best of French cuisine and the best of French hospitality. All except the Lyonnais have rooms where you can stay and all but the Besnards' establishment at Vouvray (they take a fortnights' holiday in February) keep open house year in and year out.

Restaurant Lyonnais

Tours is the hub of the Loire tributaries and roads. It is full of surprise cobbled streets and squares of Old Tours, where street drainage is medieval, hidden cloisters, a railway station in château-style that is more famous than its cathedral. On the main street is the Restaurant Lyonnais, suave and spacious, a lunchtime meeting place for urbane Tourangeais. It is the life work of Monsieur and Madame Camille Arnoux, and now of their son-in-law M. Jean-Paul Massot. Taken over by them in 1913, it grew rapidly in reputation until the war, when it was bombed and their wine cellar, the product of three decades of discriminating purchase, was destroyed overnight. The Lyonnais was rebuilt and its connection with fine wine restored: their maître d'hôtel, Casimir Lelion (left), carried off the honours in 1961 as the First Wine Taster of All France. Camille Arnoux's own recipe, Noisettes de Porc aux Pruneaux, was recently awarded an Hors Concours diploma—beyond even the first of first prizes.

LE LYONNAIS

*Dodine de Canard
Rabelaisienne*

Saumon de la Loire

Noisettes de Porc aux Pruneaux

Salade

Fromages

*Délice Lyonnais**

*The Loire Salmon is poached and served with sauce Hollandaise.

*The Délice Lyonnais is a vanilla ice coated with hot chocolate sauce and surrounded by little meringues.

Noisettes de Porc aux Pruneaux

Quantity for 6 or 8 people

Soak about 50 prunes overnight in 1 glass of Vouvray (or comparable white wine). Half an hour before the meal, 2½ lb. of good pork tenderloin, stripped of any bones or fat, into slices about half-an-inch thick—one for each person. Season on both sides, dredge in flour and fry them until golden in about 2 oz. of butter. Remove from pan and arrange round a deep plate. Meanwhile boil the prunes for half an hour in the Vouvray. They should become soft and swollen. Drain them and pile in the centre of the plate. Add their juice to the frying pan in which the pork was fried, reduce it to half and add about 3 oz. of tomato sauce. Finally stir in a generous quarter pint of fresh double cream, pour the sauce over the prunes and pork and serve straight away.



Château d'Artigny

The Château d'Artigny at Monts is the Loire's newest château: the perfumier François Coty, who had vaulting ambitions, built it early in this century, a passable miniature Versailles in pure Louis Quatorze. It is not far from Chenonçaux, Valençay and Loches, and has a fine position on a rock above the meadows of the Indre. But no need to watch your visiting hours here, because the Château d'Artigny is also the Loire's newest hotel. Opened a year ago, it is in the grand sporting style, with riding and fishing in the park, acres of marble indoors and a *chef de cuisine* with a gold medal, Frédéric Puig (right). The reading-room is consciously British: "deep armchairs for you to enjoy your Scotch," says Monsieur Falcoz, director. The gilt is still a little shiny, the trout a suspicion over-buttered—but magnificent nonetheless.



Hostellerie du Prieuré

Amble along down the valley of the Indre by Azay-le-Rideau. It is the perfect domestic castle, even more fey in winter than in summer. Call in at Chinon and Fontevraud l'Abbaye, and arrive in time for dinner just the other side of Saumur at the Hostellerie du Prieuré, a 13th-century priory now converted by the same industrialist who owns the Château d'Artigny. This is a more modest but more restful hotel in a garden of fir trees. Be sure to come down to the dining-room for breakfast because the view up and down the Loire does much the same for the soul as the chef's cuisine of the night before will have done for the appetite. Manager is M. Claude Scheidecker, seen right with chef M. Jean Bompard.



CHÂTEAU D'ARTIGNY

Consommé au Porto

Mousse Chaude de Homard
Brioche Mouseline

Bas Rond d'Agneau
Bouquetière

Salade

Fromages

Crêpes Flambées d'Artigny

Bas Rond d'Agneau Bouquetière

A simple but magnificent banquet dish for 20 or 25 people—basic requirements are a spirit of adventure and a big oven. The Bas Rond of lamb is not a usual cut with English butchers, but many (Harrods certainly) will dress one on request. Coat the Bas Rond with oil, season it and roast in a medium oven, covered with foil, for about 1½ hours. Remove the dish from the oven, make small incisions in the skin and insert little slivers of sliced garlic. Sprinkle with thyme and return to the oven, without its foil, for a further quarter of an hour to brown. The Bas Rond should be served with a massed and picturesque array of buttered vegetables (cooked French style in a minute quantity of water and then strained and rolled in butter): French beans, little carrots trimmed into the shape of olives, artichoke hearts, petit pois, whole pieces of spinach, potato croquettes and tiny rounds of puff pastry.

HOSTELLERIE DU PRIEURÉ

Pot de Rillettes Grand'Mère*

Crêpes Farcies du Château

Poulet grillé Pakistanaise

Salade

Fromages

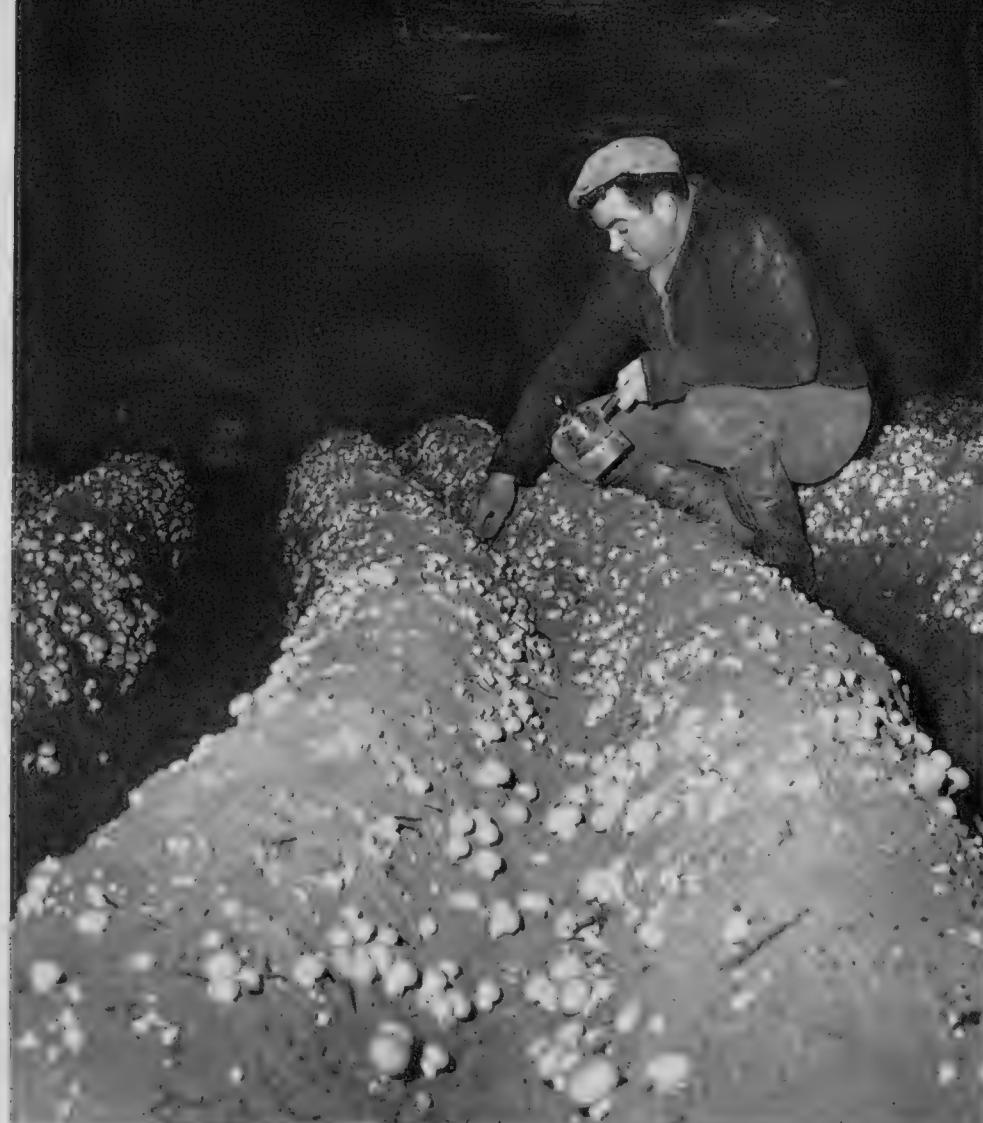
Délice de Chef*

*The Rillettes are bought from a charcutier but enlivened with chopped shallots and cognac by the chef.

*The Délice is an omelette stuffed with strawberry ice-cream and flambéed with aleool de framboises.

POULET GRILLE PAKISTANAISE

Cut a chicken in four pieces. Marinade it for 24 hours in lightly seasoned fresh yoghourt. Grill until the bird is tender and the skin is a rich dark brown. Serve it with a platter of rice Creole, a salade of chopped white cabbage dressed with mayonnaise and flavoured with cognac, and two complementary sauces: the first is a straightforward sauce Basquaise (tomatoes, onions and pimentoes simmered in olive oil); the second is made of one cup of olive oil, three crushed cloves of garlic and a coffee-spoonful of "Algerian jam", known as Harisa, all heated gently together for 10 minutes. The result is a hot and pungent sauce the colour of singed oranges.



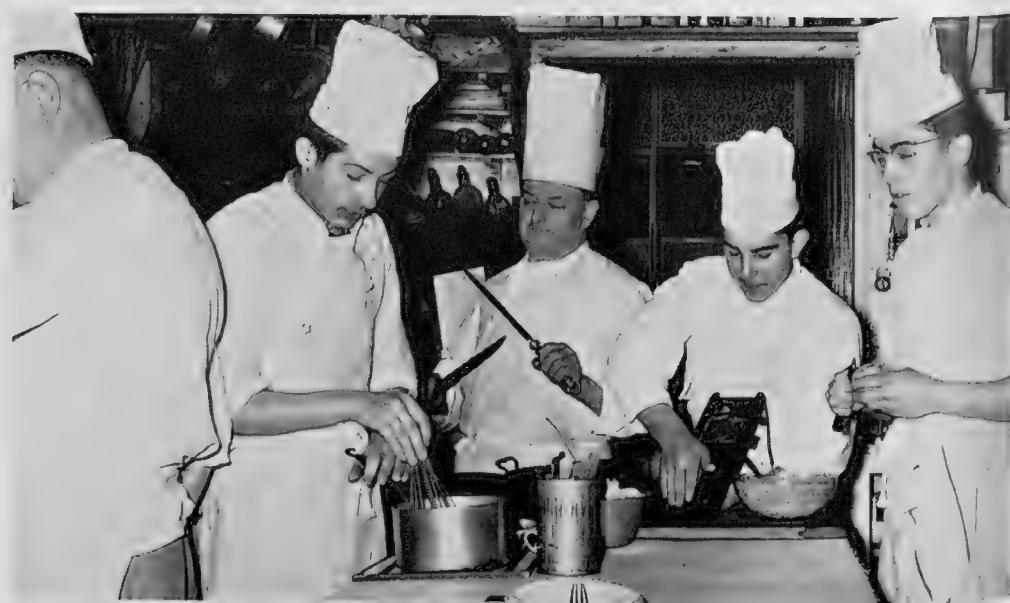
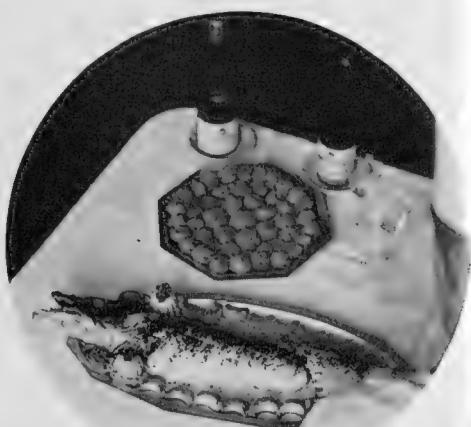
LA DUCHESSE ANNE

Le Family Hotel at Langeais is as good as its name—loves children and dogs. It really is a home—innocent passers-by have bogged down there for fortnights at a time. The business belonged to the mother and father of Madame Cuinier, its present *patronne*, who was born in the house. Now Monsieur Marcel Cuinier is its master-chef (centre in the bottom picture), a man who loves his métier, round, jolly and dedicated both to good food and good friends, many of whom begin as customers. Not long ago it was decided that the title Family Hotel was too parochial for its fine cuisine, so the restaurant is now called *La Duchesse Anne*, to commemorate a former inhabitant of Langeais' castle. On the way, investigate Saumur and Château d'Ussé, visit Borgueil where the good red wine comes from, but be sure to reach Langeais by dinner time. Mushrooms are a speciality here. They are grown in natural underground passages in riverside cliffs. The *champignon* (left) has 10 miles of galleries.

LA DUCHESSE ANNE
<i>Champignons de Langeais Farcies</i>
<i>Brochet de la Loire au beurre blanc</i>
<i>Poulet Sauté au Vouvray Salade</i>
<i>Fromages</i>
<i>Soufflé Duchesse Anne</i>

Champignons de Langeais Farcies

Remove the stalks from some well-formed mushrooms, leaving on their skins. Cook both tops and tails for a few minutes in the salted juice of a lemon. Chop the stalks finely, sauté them lightly in butter with some finely chopped shallots. Season with salt and pepper. Stir in a small quantity of breadcrumbs to bind them together and fill the mushroom heads with this paste. Bake in the oven until they are brown and crisp.





AU VIRAGE GASTRONOMIQUE

Hors d'Oeuvre variés

Brochet de la Loire à la Vouvrillonne

Canard à l'Orange

Salade

Fromages

*Beignets aux rainettes**

* Beignets aux rainettes are apple fritters (made from those winter pippins that keep their shape well in cooking) dusted with sugar.

Brochet à la Vouvrillonne

Make a court-bouillon with dry Vouvrail ($\frac{3}{4}$ of a bottle) and a bouquet garni. Allow to cool then pour over a 3 lb. pike, and simmer until tender. Reduce rest of the wine in double saucepan with a couple of shallots, finely chopped, a drop of vinegar, salt and pepper. When cool, drop in six egg yolks, a few spoonfuls of pike stock, stir continually over low flame until creamy and thickening. Remove from flame, continuing to stir slowly, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pound melted butter. Finally add juice of two lemons, fold in fresh cream (two spoons), season to taste. Lay the pike on a long platter, head and tail intact; remove skin, pour on sauce. Garnish with slices of lemon sprinkled with chopped parsley.

AU VIRAGE GASTRONOMIQUE

After a day around the châteaux of Chaumont, Chambord and Cheverny, return along the Loire through Amboise to the little town of Vouvrail beneath the vineyards. Here is a small châlet that seems to be no more at first sight than a roadside café behind a petrol pump. A closer look shows the spotless tablecloths, sparkling glass and generous menu of Au Virage Gastronomique—it has recently moved down to the main road and used to be known as the Restaurant Pont de Cisse. The business has been in the hands of the Besnard family since 1870 when it started as a little café for Vouvrail wines and fried fish from the Loire. Claude Besnard (left) is its diligent chef, and Madame Besnard is the *hôtelière*; ninety odd years have seen the menu develop from fried fish to something like the menu above.

Bananes Flambées

Rub a silver dish with unsalted butter and dust with icing sugar. Lay on it four bananas, cut in half lengthwise; sprinkle them with more icing sugar and bake in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes. They should then be soft to the touch, but not soggy. Pour a generous quantity of rum over the bananas, set it alight and serve immediately, as the chef is doing in the picture taken at the Hotel Moderne.

HOTEL MODERNE

Perrine Maison

Couilles de Gourmet

Pintadeau aux reinettes du Mans

Salade

Fromages

*Sorbet de Citron
ou Bananes Flambées*

HOTEL MODERNE

The road back to Calais and Boulogne is a long one to manage in a single day. Better to see your last day's châteaux: Langeais, Cinq Mars, Luynes, Le Lude, Fontenaille—in the north of Touraine and spend the last night on the threshold of the château country at Le Mans. There, conveniently, is the Hotel Moderne, recently decorated by the man responsible for the salon at President de Gaulle's Elysée Palace. The dining-room is restful and elegant, panelled in wild cherry; the cuisine is generous and sophisticated. Madame Marcel Gazonnaud and her two sons are the force that moves the business. They came here eight years ago and since then the "24-heures" Le Mans race in June has become a new and happier event for many visitors.



Lord Kilbracken

The rolling road to Killegar

I WILL BE SETTING FORTH THIS EVENING INTO THE frozen wastes of Leitrim to return—if I'm lucky—from Killegar to London. I find myself making this journey perhaps a dozen times a year in each direction, so I know it fairly well. It's 348 miles as a homing crow might fly it, and the ratified door-to-door record stands at 249 minutes. This involved 23 minutes in a Minicab, with much luck at traffic lights, from S.W.3 to London Airport; 14 minutes between arrival there and the fastening of safety belts (experienced flyers know they can be late for the advertised deadline and still get away with it); an hour and a half airborne, thanks to a rare following wind; 11 minutes at Dublin Airport (the trick is to have only one small suitcase, which you clandestinely keep with you in the passenger cabin, and thus avoid delay on landing); and 111 minutes driving the 87 miles from the airport to Killegar. The world record for this final *étape*, by the way, is 99 minutes, held by me, but it was accomplished on a deserted road at 5 a.m. on a July morning, and I wouldn't much like to do it again.

How different it is now from those childhood days, when it was a veritable Odyssey only carried through, after infinite preparation, perhaps once or twice a year! There would be the taxi, or often *two* taxis, high-piled with luggage, guns and fishing rods, from Gower Street or Porchester Terrace to smoky, gas-lit Euston, arriving with parental prudence a good hour before the train's departure; there would be the reserved seats to find, and the picnic baskets, and the foot-warmers, before the immensely long train journey to black and windswept Holyhead; there would be several hours to wait there—for we would have taken the early boat train, quite unnecessarily—before the ship sailed, heaving and belching, to deposit us next morning, unslept and seasick, on the quayside at Dun Laoghaire (still more often known as Kingstown). Then, capriciously, without any timetable, the hard-benched racketty train would rattle us into Dublin, where we would spend the rest of the morning at the Shelbourne recovering—brandies for grown-ups, cups of tea (and sudden white-faced departures to the toilets) for the children.

Even then, however, we'd be far from the haven of Killegar. I suppose it must now be a slightly shorter trip from Dublin, by 2 or 3 miles, because so many corners have been straightened, but in retrospect it seems as though it was twice the distance then, and it certainly took more than twice as long between the Armstrong's stately departure from St. Stephen's Green and its panting arrival at the longed-for front door and Cousin Anna's welcome there. The Armstrongs, I suppose, never exceeded 50, while nowadays

there are long straight stretches, devoid of traffic or life, whereon 80 is safe and normal. Then, also, the seemingly unending road was not only much more crooked but also less well surfaced and far narrower; motoring in Ireland, as a few brave tourists know, is now about the best in Europe. (This is largely due to the governmental policy of absorbing unemployment by building much better roads than the volume of traffic requires, which is popular with tourists but not with ratepayers.) And finally there had to be many stops to allow each of three children to be severally sick at the roadside and for other calls of nature. All in all, it must frequently have taken up to 27 hours door-to-door, rather more than six times longer than today's record time. There's progress for you!

On the other hand, it may sometimes be even slower nowadays than it ever was—or ever could have been—in those schoolboy days. I recall the unhappy case of a particular young lady who set out three years ago from darkest Kensington on the morning of Christmas Eve, to find herself spending the rest of that day, *and then Christmas Day itself*, sitting at London Airport waiting for the fog to lift, till at last, at dusk, she was shepherded to Euston and the boat train for Liverpool. That was a total journey of at least 50 hours; she had to be back in London in time for work on the 27th, so spent less than a day in Ireland for her pains.

And then there are those unfortunate occasions when (a) your plane turns suddenly back to Dublin (or London, as the case may be) for mechanical reasons, always unexplained; or (b) the car conks out, at 2.30 a.m. after a whiskey-laden Starflight, in the deserted Irish countryside, 10 miles from any village; or (c) you are diverted to Birmingham—as happened on my last trip, when whizzing in the twilight over purple Welsh mountains towards a dinner date in Chelsea. (I arrived in dense fog at 5.30 next morning, my date gone for ever.)

How will it be today? A soft blanket of snow covers the whole Irish countryside as I write; the two great loughs, Kilnemar and Donawale, which I can see from my window, are solidly frozen and snow-covered, with long skeins of geese, probably radioactive, flying high above them to westward. The tractor couldn't leave this morning, due to sheet ice on the drive, with its four-ton load of timber for the mill; so it must still be on the cards, despite these modern times, that I too will be immobilized. And flights may be cancelled, planes diverted, engines unserviceable, fog prevalent. Anyway, we'll see; if these words ever manage to appear in print, you'll know that I somehow made it once again.

Good Looks

GOES TRAVELLING



Barry Warner

GOOD LOOKS in a car. A free and easy open car will reduce the most dashing hair to a tangled nothing in less time than it takes to lower the hood. So, concentrate on a swinging, simple shape that will look brisk and car-worthy when it is brushed back into shape. Raphael & Leonard did the sporty hair above. The carefully tousled head manages to look untidy the moment the back combing collapses—which is pretty soon even under a tidily tied chiffon scarf. Wind wrecks a carefully nourished skin too but a layer of moisturizer will, paired with foundation, make a practically wind-proof barrier. If your good looks will stand it, an open air cream is the best way to motor close to the wind. Good sporting creams to wear in a car are Lenthéric's Sun 'n Wind, Countess Csaky's Sun Gold.

GOOD LOOKS on a train. One of the beauty-wrecking factors in a train is the boredom of confined space and a lack of fresh air and rest. Small ear plugs that buffer most external noise are on sale at Roberts, New Bond Street (3s. 6d. for five pairs), who also have boudoir-ish black silky masks that effectively cut out all light. Imported from France they cost £1 1s. a pair. A quick boost for the skin before arrival refreshes and removes strain. Names to note are: Germaine Monteil's Plastic Cream mask which doesn't look like a face mask at all—no hardening and with the consistency of an ordinary skin cream. The dry-skinned should put a little Rose Skin cream underneath. The result is a freshened skin at arrival time. *Elizabeth Williamson*

COUNTER SPY



SPANISH SIZZLE in the Pimlico Road where José Casasus has been influencing Anglo-Saxon attitudes with his mainly black-&-white shop Casa Pupo. His detail and design are taken from royal palaces, museums, churches and market places in Spain. Cool white ceramics, beaten metal, colours full and strong add a dash of drama in a cool English drawing-room climate.

On the carpet—sun-shaped golden wrought-iron lamp which evolves from the Spanish Aztec age (9 gns.). A coloured ceramic partridge carries a miniature on its back (5s.). Next, a crown-lidded ceramic jar splashed with the Spanish coat-of-arms (£2 10s.). A hand-blown glass goblet (15s.). Behind the glass: an outsize metal candleholder with an amber glass bowl (£5 17s. 6d.). Ceramic lemon basket in hot colours (5 gns.). Behind: hazy gold lamp with a beaten gilded metal shade (12 gns.). The reversible rugs are strong and sweetly coloured: spicy pink and white or straight black with white in the picture. If Casa Pupo rugs are backed with felt they carry a second life on their reverse side.

FOUND BY
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BARRY WARNER

ABROAD AT HOME



PARIS PUNCH in Knightsbridge at Harrods where the Dior Boutique has just opened as a showcase for Dior designs. Their extra specially nice bags, ties, gloves, jewellery, scarves, stockings are all in plentiful supply here. Boutique buying from the top: a splash-on supply of Miss Dior luxe packed in a Baccarat bottle, a red velvet tasseled box (£35 10s.). Then, one of their scarves that shout Dior!—in bright blue, green and white (4½ gns.). White silk tie minutely rouleaued round the sides (4 gns.). Quarry grey silk evening purse like an envelope (14 gns.). Whitest leather gloves (£6 5s. 6d.) and a swordfish brooch hung with diamanté (4½ gns. for the small one, 8 gns. for the larger). Final gloss: an extra beautiful necklace for after dark (31 gns.) which is a heavy-looking hang of brownish-green crystals.



CRUISE COOLERS

Fashion refreshment for the heavenly holiday places . . . Elizabeth Dickson and David Sim flew by B.O.A.C. to the Bahamas to capture the look of this year's cruise clothes

Man-sized hipster shirt in yellow and green Italian print. Chosen from Emilio Pucci at Woollards; shirt: 22 gns. Out of town stockists on page 156



GARDEN FRESH
FRESH FLOWERS
FRESH FRUIT
FRESH VEGETABLES



FLAMINGO PINK

Mutual admiration: birds from the Adastra Gardens compare pinks with our chick in Susan Small's silk coat, worn over matching slender dress. Coat: Dickins & Jones, 18½ gns.

PACKAGE DEAL, WATERFRONT

Bahamas blue silk and white crêpe for holiday shopping: the weskit smartened with brass buttons. London Town: 15½ gns. at Harvey Nichols Little Shop





THE ICEBERG TOUCH

Cool as the heatwave's breeze, high summer swimsuit in white pleated nylon jersey—at home at low tide amongst hibiscus flowers. To order from Mademoiselle, Nassau

TROPICAL ROMANCE

Ripple of white pleats across the bolero of a white Tricel deck dress by Frank Usher: 9 gns. at Dickins & Jones. Ear-rings: Adrien Mann



LANGUOROUS LINEN

Dress from a brilliant yellow trio: jacket and button-on cape make the set. London Town: Exclusive to Harvey Nichols Little Shop. £21 5s.

TRAVELLING PARTNER

Right: Alongside our B.O.A.C. Boeing Jet 707, silk Tricel suit in blue check with white crêpe shirt. By Susan Small at Derry & Toms. Price: 19 gns.



THE BAHAMAS: HOW TO GET THERE

B.O.A.C. will fly you out daily. London—Nassau

JET: 1st Class: Return: £360
 Single: £200

Economy class: Return: £212 17s.
 Single: £118 5s.

THE DAIQUIRI HOUR

Welcome as the longest summer drink: iced blue shantung dress with box pleats and cool, camisole top. Dorville at Fortnum & Mason, 32 gns., blue beads by Adrien Mann

**THE SILK SUNDOWNERS**

Cassata green top, cut down to the hip and delicately embroidered; worn over Capri pants. Oriane at Liberty: 35 gns.

OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS

- Page 150 London Town three-piece at Blundells, Luton; Dorothy Rowley, Walsall
- Page 151 Susan Small pink silk coat at McEvans, Perth; Rima, Solihull
- Page 152 Frank Usher's white Tricel dress at Hammonds, Hull; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead
- Page 155 Susan Small Tricel suit at County Clothes, Cheltenham; Chanel, Leeds
- Page 156 Dorville's ice cool shantung dress at Elaine, Guildford; Samuels, Manchester

YES?

VERDICTS

PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

Little Old King Cole. London Palladium. (Charlie Drake, Janette Scott, Jackie Ray, Gary Miller.)

The Palladium omnibus

PANTOMIME STILL DRAWS A MORE NEARLY CLASSLESS AUDIENCE THAN the theatre can get together for any other show. It ranges from excitedly squealing children from all parts of London Town (or any other) taking probably their first peep at the stage, to comfortable worldlings who have come to hear the old jokes once again and reckon any that may happen to be newish as negligible. In between these extremes are traditionalists gravely regretting the absence of Clown, Pantaloan, Harlequin and Columbine, together with a solid flock of people who have never heard of the great John Rich's doings at Covent Garden and are there to enjoy a lavishly spectacular medley built round the personality of a favourite television comedian.

Obviously authors who set out to please so many different people at the same time should be almost immune to criticism. But critics have not spared the rod. "Is there any argument in art or commerce," one recently cried out in anguish "for continuing to cast a girl as Prince Charming or for compelling the funny men to an ancestral humour that has long disappeared from every other stage of the world." What difference can such impotent ragings make to an entertainment which has what Chesterton described something in Dickens as having, "the defiant finality of a perfect absurdity." The simple truth is that wherever pantomime is being played the Christmas tree is still alight in the minds of those who see it, and through these happy audiences the season is prolonged far beyond Twelfth Night. We have no sort of need to defend our exuberant enjoyment of this annual theatrical absurdity. If we do we had better rest on Lamb's whimsical argument that the worst puns are in effect the best: the more exactly they satisfy the critical, the less hold they have on other faculties.

Little Old King Cole at the Palladium is the only pantomime in central London this year and the peevish fellow I have quoted may feel that it makes at least one concession to him. Mr. Robert Nesbitt has refrained from casting a girl as Prince Charming—not, I am afraid, out of deference to criticism, but simply because the plot dispenses altogether with a Prince Charming. Since King Cole has no history to speak of, Mr. Nesbitt's authors have been free to invent a history for him that is like all the fairy stories rolled into one. There is the foundling king saved from the shipwreck in which his parents perished and brought up by foster-parents as a butcher's boy, a baker's apprentice and a tavern potman. There is a black-hearted Regent somewhat resembling Crookback Gloucester. He is not only a tyrant, but a master of black magic. Fortunately there is a delicate Ariel-like spirit of white magic to over-master him, but before this has happened a whole court has been struck into a trance and only released after passing through a rich diversity of highly spectacular perils.

There is thus plenty to satisfy the romantically minded, but if we look into the whole business closely we shall probably conclude that Mr. Nesbitt's ulterior purpose is to present a sumptuous, beautifully dressed spectacle with Mr. Charlie Drake in the centre cocking an anti-romantic snook at it. This is a job that he does with perfect aplomb. Whether as a king with the sensible policy of making all his subjects as

merry as he is himself, as a baker's boy plastering his boss with flour and open jam tarts, or a pot boy being kicked hither and thither by rough sailors whose drinks he is trying to serve, he and romance never come to terms. He remains a grotesque, sometimes genial, sometimes pathetic and sometimes absurdly cock-a-hoop. As such he knows exactly how to fade unobtrusively out of a scene that belongs by rights to the romantic and how to pop back again when his turn comes. Mr. Bert Brownbill and Mr. Billy Danvers are the accomplished Dame and her spouse. Miss Janette Scott is the pretty girl who cannot decide between dreams and reality, and Mr. Jackie Rae and Mr. Gary Miller are, very adequately, her two lovers, one homespun and the other fancy. In short, a pretty good example of the familiar ritual.

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

The Comancheros. Director Michael Curtiz. (John Wayne, Stuart Whitman, Ina Balin, Nehemiah Persoff, Lee Marvin.)

The Valiant. Director Roy Baker. (John Mills, Ettore Manni, Roberto Risso, Robert Shaw, Liam Redmond.)

Gidget Goes Hawaiian. Director Jerry Bresler. (James Darren, Michael Callan, Deborah Walley, Vicki Trickett.)

Cain't beat old John, goldurn it

MR. JOHN WAYNE OBVIOUSLY ADORES WESTERNS AND FROM THE WAY HE loosens up in **The Comancheros**—the old granite puss cracks into a fetching grin, the narrowed eyes actually twinkle—I conclude he was particularly happy about this one. And why not? The role of a Texas Ranger—the rangiest Ranger of them all—suits him down to the ground: he strides and rides through it with godlike ease, in the comfortable knowledge that the director, Mr. Michael Curtiz, is on his side and is going to show that, though he may be getting on a bit, he still totes a faster gun and packs a deadlier punch than any other tough hombre in the Lone Star State. Besides, all the film's ingredients are familiar—and I dare say "the mixture as before" is most acceptable to a chap who has become a little set in his ways. I didn't object to it myself.

Mr. Stuart Whitman plays the handsome riverboat gambler—all riverboat gamblers are handsome—a fugitive from New Orleans, where he has killed a man in a duel. Aboard the paddle steamer he is picked up by Miss Ina Balin, a mysterious, imperious and amorous beauty—and this is very nice for him. On arrival at Galveston he is picked up again—by Ranger Wayne, whose orders are to send him home to stand trial for murder, and this Mr. Whitman doesn't fancy at all. Fortunately for him, Mr. Wayne has other things on his mind—such as tracking down a bunch of gun-runners and locating the desert hide-out of a band of outlaws known as the Comancheros who are supplying the Indians with guns and inciting them to attack and despoil neighbouring ranches. Mr. Whitman helps Mr. Wayne to dispose of the chief gun-runner (ferociously played by Mr. Lee Marvin) and in several lively encounters with hostile Redskins proves himself a handy fighter—so the charges against him are conveniently forgotten and he is made a Texas Ranger.

Posing as gun-runners, he and Mr. Wayne are conducted by weapon-carrying Indians to the secret stronghold of the Comancheros, to do a deal with the boss of the band (excellent Mr. Nehemiah Persoff) who lives there in considerable splendour—eating off gold plate and all that—with his beautiful daughter. She is—as if you hadn't guessed!—Miss Balin; and she knows that Mr. Wayne is a Ranger. Will she blow the gaff for her father's sake—or hold her tongue for the sake of Mr. Whitman, with whom, it appears, she is madly in love. The situation is tricky—but Mr. Wayne can cope. The action boils to a climax, the guns go bang-bang-bang, a buckboard bursts out of Mr. Persoff's palace grounds and streaks across the plain, the Rangers come riding over the hill and more Redskins than you could shake a tomahawk at bite the dust. It really is rather good fun.

Mr. John Mills is on the bridge again in **The Valiant**, a pretty tense but not altogether pleasing film based on the play, *L'Equipage au Complet* by M. Robert Mallet. It is December, 1941, and H.M.S. *Valiant* is preparing to sail from Alexandria on a vital mission. From an Italian

submarine somewhere in the vicinity, two frogmen (Signores Ettore Manni and Roberto Risso) set out to mine the British vessel. Both are caught (one is wounded) and hauled aboard *Valiant*—but neither can be induced to say whether they have accomplished their mission. This puts the Captain, Mr. Mills, into a very ugly mood: he has the lives of 1,200 men to consider—and must know whether or when his ship is likely to blow up. Instead of evacuating the crew (which I would have thought sensible) he has the two Italians imprisoned in the cable locker, in the bowels of the ship: if it *does* blow up, they will be the first to go—along with the two unfortunate British ratings who have been left to guard them. The ship's doctor urges Mr. Mills to put the wounded prisoner ashore as he is in urgent need of hospital attention. Mr. Mills obstinately refuses.

As the hours go by, he at last relents to the extent of having both the Italians moved to the sick-bay: he learns, now, that the ship *has* been mined—an immediate evacuation is ordered. He and an Italian-speaking lieutenant remain aboard with the prisoners—and when a tremendous explosion rips up *Valiant*'s bows, all happily survive. The Italians are eventually put ashore, while Mr. Mills is left to think up some way of concealing the damage from the nosy enemy reconnaissance planes buzzing overhead. His handling of the whole affair so far has been so unethical and so ineffectual that I rather hoped he might fail to solve this little problem and be relieved of his command. Without being, I hope, *too* jingoistic, I don't relish a British film in which we are shown to fall far short of the enemy in our respect for the rules of war.

The very word "Gidget" is like a knell—and should warn you that *Gidget Goes Hawaiian* is something to be avoided, unless you find pleasure in the bickerings and making-up of a bunch of lovesick teenagers. I do not. With the exception of Mr. James Darren, who has looks, charm and talent, I found all the young people excessively tiresome in their vulgar preoccupation with "dating," "necking" and showing-off. But having seen their parents, perhaps I shouldn't be so hard on them: for crass immaturity and lack of taste, the parents are actually streets ahead of their wretched offspring. There is some rather jolly surfing and the scenery and the sunshine are fine—and you can see that everything, but *everything* is done to make the tourists feel they're having a simply wonderful time—but you won't find me anywhere near Hawaii if Gidget (Miss Deborah Walley) happens to be in that hemisphere.

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

Frieda Lawrence: The Memoirs & Correspondence, ed. E. W. Tedlock (Heinemann, 42s.)

Yestermorrow, by Kurt Marek. (Deutsch, 18s.)

Love & The Spanish, by Nina Epton. (Cassel, 25s.)

An Anthology Of Modern Verse, ed. Elizabeth Jennings. (Methuen, 11s. 6d.)

Wife to Mr. Lawrence

IF WINTER COMES, CAN THE FIRST FEW THOUSAND SPRING TITLES BE far behind? So while there is still a minute to spare, here is something more on books I have been saving up for space reasons.

"They had not wanted to fall in love, but inevitably, against their will, they had to submit to something blind and strong that drew them together." This is the genuine deep throb that depresses me about the curious Frieda Lawrence *Memoirs*, in which she writes of herself sometimes as Paula, sometimes in the first person singular. The *Memoirs* make part of a fascinating book called **Frieda Lawrence, The Memoirs & Correspondence**, edited by E. W. Tedlock, and for those who react coolly to the "something blind and strong," there are as well some simple, immediate and very much to the point essays and a big collection of letters which show the three-times-married Frieda as a woman of formidable qualities and, especially in her old age, of a bossy, impulsive, ebullient and jubilant sweetness that must have been impossible to resist. Here is Frieda setting off to lunch with the Shaws, warning herself to be careful in such clever company, for the memory of Lawrence;

Frieda writing about love to Middleton Murry; Frieda writing about domestic details, about friends, and endlessly about Lawrence, in an obviously sincere and non-stop battle to try to get everyone's conflicting estimates of the man right.

Maddening, one would think, she might well have been—over-intense, narcissistic, turbulent to a tiresome degree. Yet the letters, with their warmth, enthusiasm, and excursions into a slang that one feels always sounded a little foreign to her, are immensely endearing. One feels, by the end, that one knows her like a good friend, even though the reason for her sukebind effect on so many men still remains a mystery. On the jacket she wears a big romantic hood and a Gioconda smile on delicate, young features; inside the book she appears as a strapping and brisk person with a hearty smile and capable hands. I was much taken with the letters, intensity, exclamation points and all. Even the throb gets to be less of a bother once she is safely launched into some piece of cheerful gossip ("I hear that Mabel thinks she is the heroine in *The Plumed Serpent*!").

A very odd and catchy book I have somehow so far missed is called **Yestermorrow**, by Kurt Marek, who writes under the name of C. W. Ceram and is the author of *Gods, Graves & Scholars*. This is a witty, learned, provocative and immensely stimulating book of working notes—but very finished and polished in form and style—on everything that interests and concerns Marek, from history and religion to science and literature. In a short note on creation myths you will suddenly fall over the sort of owlish sentence at which the scholarly and enormously serious (but not solemn) Marek is a master: "The utmost respect is due to the Irish druids, who regarded *themselves* as the creators of heaven and earth." Marek is endlessly curious, purposefully coat-trailing, and the book has a sort of elegance of mind that puts all possibility of stodginess out of the question. Maybe I was so taken with it partly because I have an uncontrollable passion for half-painted pictures, unfinished poems, and books written in the form of working notes. Whatever the reason, it's the sort of book that walks around in the head and rearranges a good deal of the furniture, whether you like it or not.

Nina Epton, who might very understandably one day weary of the documenting of love through what is beginning to look like an extensive list of European countries, has now given Spain a careful going-over with **Love & the Spanish**. She examines—with admirable lack of romantic fervour—the various provinces, the myths of Carmen and Don Juan, provides some pretty illustrations, and includes some adorable historical opinions on Spanish attitudes; among which my favourite is that of a Victorian lady, Miss Matilda Betham-Edwards, who advised one to travel in Spain always in one's best clothes and with half-a-dozen trunks at least (hers included a folding india-rubber bath, opera glasses, a teapot, a water-bottle, and rather mysteriously two or three bundles of rags). In Granada Miss Betham-Edwards was terribly carried away by a guitarist . . . "you are indeed for the nonce a gypsy and know what the gypsy's world is, above, below, in heaven and in hell; your pulses are quickened to gypsy pitch, you are ready to make love and war."

Lastly, I am very much in favour of an admirable small book called simply **An Anthology of Modern Verse, 1940-1960**, edited by Elizabeth Jennings. I like the choice enormously, and admire the calm way Miss Jennings is not thrown by the problem of well-known classics, not only—and very rightly—including *Lay your sleeping head, my love* and *Naming of Parts*, but not even shying off *Fern Hill*.

RECORDS

Spike Hughes

Lucia di Lammermoor, by Donizetti
Il Matrimonio Segreto, by Cimarosa

The completest Lucia yet

ALL COMPLETE OPERA RECORDINGS ARE COMPLETE, OF COURSE, EXCEPT that some are completer than others. This is because an increasing number of them nowadays take advantage of the gramophone's freedom from union hours and last trains home to give you performances that

are much more comprehensive than anything you will normally hear in an opera house. Joan Sutherland, for instance, in her first starring LP opera—Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* on three Decca records (stereo and mono)—sings far more of the part than she has ever been allowed to on the stages of Covent Garden, La Scala, or the New York Metropolitan. All sorts of scenes and solos which have long been cut in the theatre for reasons of time and general theatrical practicability have been restored in this recording. Among them are the admirable storm (deafening in stereo) and the stirring tenor-baritone duet that begins Act III—a scene laid at Wolf Crag's Castle, but now referred to in Italian theatre programmes simply as "Wolferag"; and a ravishing coda to Lucia's first big aria, thrown off by Miss Sutherland with a magnificent flourish which ought to stop most of her colleagues restoring the passage in a hurry.

Joan Sutherland's singing of the famous Mad Scene is not considered by those who collect Sutherland performances of *Lucia* as some people collect matchbox labels to be as good as some others she has sung in her time. Maybe. To me, however, there is no lack of that peculiar pathos and lightheadedness the scene needs and which Bellini, Donizetti and most 19th-century composers of mad scenes knew was a uniquely dramatic characteristic of the coloratura soprano voice. Altogether, with a pleasant young tenor like Renato Cioni as Edgardo, this is as good a performance of *Lucia* as we are likely to get these days.

As an encore, on an extra track on the sixth side, Joan Sutherland includes the aria sung in the 19th century in place of "Regnava nel silenzio" in the first act—a practice which, for dramatic irrelevance, might seem rather like replacing "To be or not to be" by "Once more unto the breach, dear friends . . ." But in opera happily nothing is too irrelevant. Decca's bonus aria, which is about Henry VIII and comes from another Donizetti opera altogether, called *Rosamonda d'Inghilterra*, is commonly known as "Perchè non ho del vento," a title—cross my heart—I once saw translated as "Ah me, the wind I have not." In fact, never out of breath for a moment, all Miss Sutherland sings about is her absent lover and her thoughts flying to him on gentle zephyrs, etc.

Between one war and another, one musical fashion and another, *Lucia* was an opera frequently more talked about than actually performed—at least in this country. Cimarosa's comic opera *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, based on *The Clandestine Marriage* by Colman and David Garrick, is another of those works that everybody knows about but few seem to have heard. If they knew nothing else about it, they all know that when it was first performed in Vienna in 1792 before Leopold II, the Emperor was so delighted that he gave the entire company dinner after the performance and made them repeat it in its entirety. This was quite something, for Cimarosa's opera is a full-length affair, and in order to get it on to three Cetra LPs (OLPC1214) some fairly hefty cuts had to be made in the performance. Which means, of course, that it is not strictly speaking a "complete" recording, but for most people it will be complete enough.

Cimarosa's opera, which is gay, cheerful and witty in a characteristically sparkling 18th-century way, is one Glyndebourne have long had a scheme at the back of their minds to put on one year. I hope they'll get round to it, especially as the Cetra recording gives some idea of how it might sound in Sussex. The cast includes one present-day Glyndebourne regular—Sesto Bruscantini—as well as Alda Noni and Giulietta Simionato, who have also been on the Glyndebourne books in their time.

GALLERIES

Robert Wright

Primitives to Picasso. Royal Academy

A boost from the provinces

THERE IS NO ONE SO PROVINCIAL AS THE LONDONER, SAID SOMEONE recently in an attempt at Wildean paradox. How right he was is brought home by the Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition, an exhibition that might be expected to diminish the provincialism but which may (the Londoner being what he is) equally well result in its increase. It is a



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case of the mountains or, at any rate, some spectacular foothills, being brought to Mahomet. These foothills are the treasures of 65 municipal and university collections in extra-London Britain. They make an exhibition of great variety and interest, but whether they will make the lazy Londoner go exploring other foothills or whether bringing them to him will make him lazier than ever remains to be seen.

There is, so far as I am aware, no Chinese blood in my veins yet I invariably look through a catalogue from back to front. My course through this exhibition, therefore, took me from Picasso back six centuries to Simone Martini. And I can thoroughly recommend it. Indeed, I have always thought that this is the best way to learn history, whether of art or anything else.

Of course there are gaps in this collection of collections. You cannot cover 600 years of painting with 412 paintings. And, anyway, there will always be gaps so long as there are gallery directors who think of their galleries as museums instead of as temples. So I am not going to waste time telling you about gaps. Instead, let me first try to convey to you some of the elation I felt on meeting a number of long-lost friends. I always meant to ask what happened to that marvellous Degas, *La Répétition*, that used to hang in the Tate. You know, the one with the spiral staircase on the left and the ballerina cut in half, as if by a careless photographer, on the right. And there was that exquisite Boudin of the Empress Eugénie and her entourage on the beach at Trouville. And that superb Cézanne, *Le Château de Médan*. And that other Degas, the vibrant tempera, pastel and watercolour portrait of Durany.

Well, they are all back in town now, on loan from Glasgow, to which city they were left by Sir William Burrell. I shall go and see them as often as I can while they are here for, as a "provincial" Londoner myself, Glasgow seems to me like "remote foreign parts." I shall go, too, to look again and again at—to name only some of the show's outstanding treasures—a great and tremendously moving diptych by

DINING IN

Helen Burke

"IF YOU WANT THREE GOOD MEALS A DAY IN ENGLAND, HAVE THREE breakfasts," someone, probably a Frenchman, once said. Well, our British breakfasts are very good and, in substance, much more of a meal than the *café complet* of the Continent. In urban areas, however, breakfast has sadly declined in recent years, mainly because of the need for the head of the house to catch a train and the children, if not away at school, to get off to one. Nowadays, there just is not the time to eat and enjoy a leisurely first meal. Coupled with these is the fact that many people eat a hearty meal at midday and that still others are "dieters."

Admitted that our main breakfast dishes are very good indeed, why not serve them for lunch or the evening meal? Bacon, eggs and a grilled tomato take some beating, early or late, and those who cannot manage them first thing will, I think, appreciate them equally at any other time. A simple dish—and how quickly one can get it on the table. Then there are scrambled eggs which come between breakfast and a light introductory course to a meal, but can well serve as a main dish. I like the French version—OEufs Brouillés—much better than any other. Surest way to achieve that creamy, just-cooked texture is to prepare them in a *bain marie*, but this takes time. For four servings, melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan standing in hot water. Pour in 6 beaten eggs, seasoned with salt to taste, and, with a flat-sided wooden spoon, stir and keep them moving so that none sticks to the sides or bottom of the pan. Finish off by adding 1 to 2 tablespoons of heated cream and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter in small pieces, making sure that the eggs are simply hot and no more. The butter should melt into the eggs, not turn into oil.

I would not expect anyone to go on using the *bain marie*, though most pans tend to cause food to stick. But I have a non-stick pan that is ideal for cooking scrambled eggs directly on a very low heat. The best of all accompanying vegetables is a good green salad. Incidentally, if you are averse to serving salads because they interfere with the wine, use a little of the wine itself in the dressing instead of vinegar or lemon juice.

the Master of the *Virgo Inter Virgines*, Rembrandt's *Carcase of an ox* and *Self-portrait*, Turner's marvellous seascape *The wreck buoy*, and Giorgione's *The adulteress brought before Christ*.

Whether the Giorgione is in fact a Giorgione, and not a Titian or a mere Sebastiani or Romanino, has occupied the experts for centuries. Poor fellows. To me, and probably to you, it matters only that its superb design and colour provokes a physical, as well as an emotional, thrill. Though painted more than 450 years ago it is so astonishingly "modern" in the handling of the paint that it is surprising that no expert has yet attributed it to Courbet. (Look in particular at the grass in the foreground and at the distant landscape and you will see what I mean.)

In a commendable—and welcome—spirit of self-denial the Academy has refrained from including the work of any of its living members in the exhibition. Our own day is represented for the most part by artists whose work has never before been seen at Burlington House. Unfortunately there are so many missing links between the Impressionists (Picasso, Braque, Matisse & Co. are very sparsely represented) and contemporary abstractionists like William Scott, Victor Pasmore, Patrick Heron and Alan Davie, that it might have been better to leave these gentlemen out altogether.

As it is the exhibition is a sort of potted National-cum-Tate Gallery. It would be wonderful if it could be kept together as the basis of a permanent collection in Chorlton-cum-Hardy or whatever town it is that claims to be at the centre of Britain. After all, it is a bit stupid that in a country so small as ours there are a dozen galleries all attempting the impossible task of building representative collections of European art. Ideally these galleries should specialize in some particular period and act as "feeds" for the National Collection at Chorlton-cum-Hardy, which town should then be made the centre of a motorway system that would make it no more than a three-hour drive from any part of the country!

The three-breakfast trick

Additions to scrambled eggs make so much more of them that they can stand as a main course for a light meal. Before starting to scramble the eggs prepare whatever is to go with them, because the eggs have a way of setting very quickly and that is what we want to avoid. Cook, say, shrimps, prawns or Dublin Bay prawns in a little butter and a drop of dry white wine. Coat them with a Béchamel sauce, made with the butter in which they were cooked. Arrange a ring of the scrambled eggs on a heated platter and have the creamed fish in the centre. Instead of prawns you can try flaked, cooked, smoked haddock in a creamy sauce, coloured with a little tubed tomato purée and sprinkled with a touch of freshly chopped parsley.

Serving scrambled eggs in the "shells" of baps means making the fuss of them that they deserve. Cut a thin slice off the top of each bap and remove the soft centres. (Dry these and use them for breadcrumbs when required.) Brush the insides with melted butter and slip them into the oven to heat through. Spoon a little of the hot creamed shellfish or fish into each and top each with a portion of the eggs. It makes an ideal "surprise" dish. Other additions? For four servings, cook $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. little white-capped mushrooms, sliced or not, for 3 minutes in a walnut of butter, a tablespoon of water, a squeeze of lemon juice and salt to taste, in a closely covered pan. Then serve these in the centre of the ring of scrambled eggs.

And what a gallant addition to scrambled eggs is a small can of well-drained asparagus tips, first heated in a little butter. Arrange the tips in little groups around the eggs. For still greater variety, cook a small packet of frozen peas in a walnut of butter and not more than a tablespoon of water. Drain them and place them between the bundles of asparagus tips. For another attractive touch, wrap each bundle of the tips in a strip of bright red canned pimento. These are the kind of dishes one finds when women lunch together. The eggs sustain and the additions or garnish will not add any weight.

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THERE WERE NO CHRISTMAS OFFICE PARTIES FOR US. ON THE FRIDAY evening before Christmas a Channel Air Bridge plane bore us away from Southend into the murky darkness and deposited us with our Vauxhall Victor at Calais to spend Christmas driving hard from morning to night over the worst parts of the Monte Carlo Rally route. But even five full days were not enough to allow us to see all that is in store for us when we start from Glasgow in the small hours of next Saturday morning. We ignored the long, roundabout run from Glasgow down to Dover, and cut out the long excursion into Brittany, as far as Rennes, to concentrate on the more difficult and confusing sections of the route. Looking back when we got to Monte Carlo late on Boxing Day, it just didn't seem possible that those 2,600 miles of endless twists and turns, mountain passes and narrow village streets, those narrow tracks where the edge of the road is crumbling into the abyss and those vertiginous descents with never a straight of more than 100 yards, can be crammed into less than 60 sleepless hours. Gone are the days of easy, even boring Monte Carlo Rallies. This one is going to be a terrific test of endurance for car and crew and anyone who finishes within the time limits will have done well. The route has been chosen to make snow and ice reasonably certain and if fog continues, too, tired eyes are going to have a terrible time. In recent years British press, radio and television coverage has built the rally up to an event far more important than it deserved, but it is at last beginning to live up to its reputation.

Our rally route took us over the 3,700-foot Col de Granier, but it was a brisk walk down, too, and the frustrated skiers were taking to keep warm. By that night we were making the treacherous descent from Champagnole to St. Claude, down a road which has often been lit by fire in hill country, to Chambéry, taking in reverse one of the worst sections of last year's event, which was run between four-foot walls of snow. After a comfortable night at the Commanderie at Les Echelles, which is becoming a regular stopping point on these excursions, we reached the real core of the rally: the start of the diabolical final section of 565 miles from Chambéry to Monte Carlo, which is split up into seven closely timed stages and includes five specially difficult flat-out sections that are virtually road races on ice and snow.

First, the Col de Granier, bordered by frozen waterfalls, with sinister twisted remnants of iron railings poised on the jagged edge of the track, then over the Col du Cucheron with frustrated skiers playing football at St. Pierre de Chartreuse, while we descended into the rocky Gorge du Guiers-Mort, which will be a flat-out section and is usually covered in ice. That night the skiers' patience was rewarded, and snow was falling heavily in the mountains as we spent a snug Christmas Eve in the Pic at Valence. Christmas Day was another long, hard drive, and darkness fell as we slithered to a standstill on the snow-bound slopes of Mont Ventoux. There were several French cars stuck, too, and one by one they gave up the struggle, but we returned to a gravel clearing, put on our two spare wheels with spiked tyres and sailed up. Christmas dinner was a surprisingly good meal, in the Hotel Signoret in a little village called Sault, and next morning the bill was an equally pleasant surprise; 15 New Francs each for dinner, bed and breakfast, including wine (ordinaire but acceptable).

On Boxing Day we finished the remaining 200 miles, over roads that in the past have given competitors in some of the big summer events a hard time, in time to dine in Monte Carlo and then begin the return trip, stopping at Aix en Provence for the night. In theory the return run up N7 to Paris should have been easy but with ice and thick fog it became as hazardous as anything on the rally route and the road was littered with wrecks. Any idea of a fast run had to be abandoned. Much better to accept the inevitable, switch to N6 to avoid some of the heavy

trucks and relieve the monotony with a leisurely repast produced by M. Chabert at Tain l'Hermitage, which was a wonderful compensation for a Christmas of hard work and infrequent meals. My companion in all this was Michael Frostick, who after a varied career as editor, author, impresario and senior television executive has just become general manager of the Old Vic. On Saturday morning we start off in our Ford Anglia to do it all over again, only much faster. Certainly the first time a general manager of the Old Vic has driven in a Monte Carlo Rally.

It would not, of course, be possible at all without spiked tyres. After Christmas I used them through the worst of the British freeze-up, and though they were well worn after a big mileage they completely removed the terrors of driving on snow and ice. On the worst Monday morning, the Victor covered the 120 miles from London to Bristol in a little under 3½ hours, which would not be a bad time on a normal day in normal traffic. Ice and snow had removed most of the traffic, and solemn warnings had scared many people into leaving their cars at home. Spike-shod, one could motor at a brisk pace on roads as free of traffic as they were 50 years ago. Unfortunately spikes are not cheap; they cost £10 a tyre to fit, but for anyone who has to do a lot of winter motoring, especially in the north, a couple of spare wheels shod with spiked tyres look like a sound investment. The peace of mind they produce is worth the price, but if they only save you one minor accident they have paid for themselves. Sydney Allard fits the original French Valiant spikes to a variety of tyres; Dunlop fit spikes of their own design to their Durabands. Between them they will equip almost all the British rally competitors.



Michael Frostick, general manager of the Old Vic, who is driving with Gordon Wilkins in a Ford Anglia. This is the Vauxhall Victor they used on their Christmas reconnaissance run. Left: Barometer of rally conditions, a frozen waterfall on the Col de Granier

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David Morton

Preparing for the sun

LONDON IS 11 DEGREES COLDER THAN MOSCOW AT THE TIME I AM WRITING. Short of seeking some slight relief from the cold by travelling to Moscow, the best course seems to be to sit in front of a large fire and plan a holiday in the sun. It's delightfully easy to get lost in a dream world of brochures, which at this time of the year are the opium of the people. But when the tickets are bought and the departure time gets near, one hits reality with a bang. What is one going to wear during the journey? What is one going to wear when one arrives? And how is it going to fit into those tiny suitcases without costing a fortune in excess baggage charges?

If one is flying, what to wear during the journey will depend on weather conditions at home and at the destination. Those columns in *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, listing the world's weather, are most useful in deciding, for instance, whether to pack or carry a raincoat. The other basic rule for air travel is to carry as little cabin luggage as possible, and to carry it all in one hand—you need the other one free for those little boarding passes. If the airline doesn't issue you with a flight bag, Revelation sell a useful Flight Case which has been approved for cabin luggage by B.E.A., 5 gns. On a long overnight flight I have two personal rules—I don't get out of the plane at fuelling stopovers, and I always take a light wool jersey and some slippers to wear in the plane. The stewardess will hang up a jacket for you at the back of the plane. As for not getting off the plane—there's no future in stepping out into the steaming heat of say, Bangkok, when they will probably connect up an air conditioning plant to cool the cabin.

A jersey and slippers are just as comfortable on a long train journey that may involve sleeping in a couchette. Of course a first class sleeper on the Blue Train is a clear case for silk pyjamas and dressing gown. I like the slipper set I saw at John Cavanagh's boutique—black leather lined in black and white check, all folding into a matching zip case—3 gns. Two other invaluable adjuncts to jet-age travel: Salter scales for weighing luggage up to 50 lb. or, metrically speaking, 23 kilos, only 13s. 6d. at Revelation, 170 Piccadilly, and a small travelling alarm clock, which may not only avoid a lost connection, but gives one time to collect oneself before arrival. And in those parts of the world where the porters celebrate your arrival by having a one-day token strike, those straps with small wheels attached, that effectively convert a suitcase into its own trolley, can be soothing; Selfridges have them.

Travellers by sea aren't so bedevilled by luggage problems; how serene those cabin trunks look, with their prewar Cunard labels only half torn off. But what to have available for the voyage may present a few difficulties; the solution depends on what climatic conditions the ship will pass through. Evening dress is still worn for dinner on some liners, and long may it remain so. Nobody dresses, though, for dinner on the first night out of harbour.

Synthetic fibres have revolutionized the traveller's lot almost as much as jet engines. Lighter, easier to wash, shirts become no problem. Lightweight suits are more crease resistant than ever. And a traveller to almost any part of the world would be well advised to take a light raincoat with him. Burberry's double-proofed Commander raincoat, 62 per cent cotton, 38 per cent nylon, weighs only 1½ lb. and costs 15 gns. For lightweight clothes generally, Airey & Wheeler, at 44 Piccadilly, have a lot of experience. They know lots of ways to contain an adequate wardrobe inside the parsimonious 66 lb. that most airlines allow for personal luggage. Half-worsted, half-Terylene dinner jackets, for instance, that weigh only 20 oz. Only experienced travellers like TATLER colleague Doone Beal can provide the most useful advice of all—what are the best clothing buys in the country you are travelling to. For example, light clothes can be bought fairly cheaply in the U.S.A., but good quality woollen clothes are less expensive in Britain.



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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

More about watches

HAVING DWELT IN MY LAST ARTICLE ALMOST ENTIRELY ON WATCHES made in the early 18th century and before, it will be appreciated that this subject covers a wide field. I now continue to trace the development of finish and decoration. Enamelling was used largely and good quality enamels now command high prices, particularly the rare enamel watch cases produced around 1635, and the work of the Huaud family later in the same century. Geneva enamelling of the 18th century is also much sought after. A fine example of enamel *en grisaille* on a gold English watch of 1763 is shown in Picture 1. For many years watches had a second or outer case. Such watches are known as pair case watches. At first the inner or watch case proper received the decoration, but later the decoration was applied to the outer case, which was often overlaid with tortoiseshell, shagreen or leather. This covering was then frequently decorated with pin or piqué work or, in the case of tortoiseshell, was inlaid with a pattern in silver or gold. Tinted gold in relief was also used, and an example of this work on a watch is shown in Picture 3. This watch is by Ferdinand Berthoud and dates from about 1785.

Around 1800 automaton figures applied to repeating and musical watches enjoyed great popularity and I illustrate the simplest form of this type of watch, Picture 4. Depressing the pendant at the top of the watch sets the repeating work in action; at the same time the two figures on the face of the watch raise and lower their arms and appear to be striking the bells, their actions synchronizing with the actual striking of the gongs or bells within the watch. Around the first decade of the 19th century, watchmakers, acting presumably on the wishes of their clients, omitted the elaborate decoration of various kinds that had been applied to cases and dials for so many years. The most famous watch-

maker at this time was A. L. Breguet, who set the trend for an elegant watch the success of which depended on perfect proportions, fine engine-turning being the limit to which his decoration normally went. Surely few can dispute the successful interpretation of this trend as illustrated in Picture 2. From the end of the 18th century onward to about 1850, the collector whose interest is strictly horological finds, perhaps, his most fertile and rewarding field. These were the years during which a vast and intriguing amount of experiment was indulged in by watchmakers, not by any means entirely successful, but of the greatest possible interest. As I pointed out in my previous article an increasing number of people are becoming interested in watch-collecting—so much so that an Antiquarian Horological Society was formed some eight years ago to cater for their interests.

BOOKS FOR COLLECTORS

A spate of books on antiques has poured in during December. ARCO Publications have a compact little book entitled *Antiques* by Geoffrey Wills, who manages to cover furniture, pottery and porcelain, glass, silver &c. in 156 pages; a useful book, especially for the young collector. Weidenfeld & Nicolson in their series of *Pleasures and Treasures* publish *French Porcelain* by Hubert Landais and *French Eighteenth Century Furniture* by Genevieve Souchal. Both books are extremely well illustrated and full of the information needed by collectors. *Regency Furniture* by Clifford Musgrave (Faber & Faber) is the first volume of a new series of monographs of the history of English and Continental furniture. Fabers have certainly chosen the right author for this book, for he is the Director of the Royal Pavilion at Brighton.



1



2



3



4

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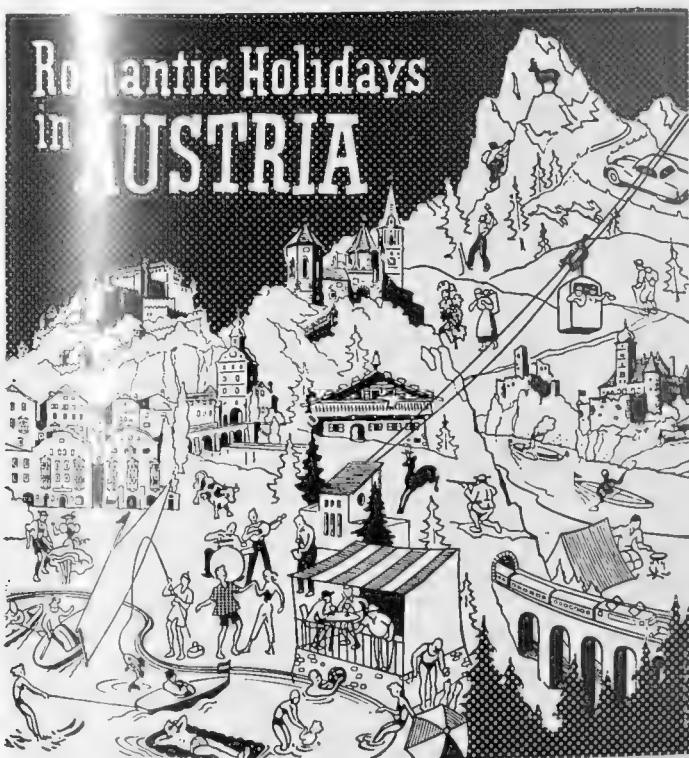
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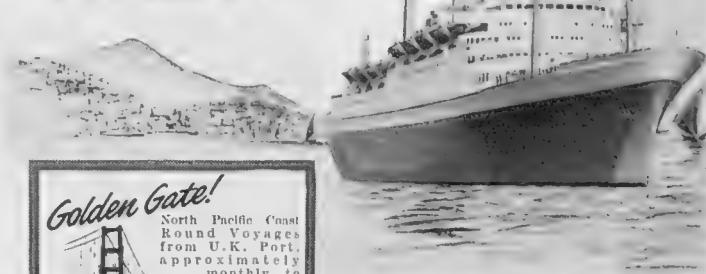
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Cadogan—Bailey: Lady Daphne Cadogan, daughter of Earl Cadogan, of Cadogan Square, S.W.1, and Primrose Countess Cadogan, of Chobham, Surrey, was married to David Graham, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. Graham Bailey, of Lansdowne Crescent, W.11, at St. Luke's, Chelsea

Rugg—Duckworth: Philippa Ann, daughter of Sir Percy & Lady Rugg, of Montagu Square, W.1, was married to Captain Geoffrey Lorraine Dyce Duckworth, son of Captain A. D. Duckworth, R.N. (retd.), & Mrs Duckworth, of Southborough, Kent, at St. Peter-upon-Cornhill



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Miss Michele Galbraith to Mr. Michael Gibbs: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. N. F. Galbraith, of Phulbarrie, Winchester Close, Esher. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Gibbs, of Vincent Close, Esher



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Miss Jean Gavin Ballantyne to Mr. John Malcolm Chalmers Rutherford: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Henry Ballantyne, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire. He is the son of the late Mr. J. Rutherford and Mrs. Rutherford, Kelso

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. W. M. Gage and Miss P. M. Groves

The engagement is announced between William Marcus, son of his Honour Judge Gage and Mrs. Gage, of Fruit Hill, Widdington, Saffron Walden, Essex, and Penelope Mary, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. J. D. Groves, Cole Henley Manor, Whitechurch, Hampshire.

Mr. J. W. Roxbee Cox and Miss A. E. Linton

The engagement is announced between Jeremy Roxbee Cox, younger son of Sir Harold and Lady Roxbee Cox, of 3 Upper Harley Street, London, and Anne Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Linton, of 42 Thornleigh Gardens, Down.

Mr. P. W. Murphy and Miss M. M. Brown

The engagement is announced between Paul, the Professor P. A. Murphy and Mrs. Murphy, of 13 Ailesbury Road, Dublin, and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Brown, of Watch Bell Street, Rye, Sussex.

Mr. C. H. V. Denne and Miss Z. Hellings

The engagement is announced between Christopher, son of the late Mr. S. V. Denne and Mrs. Denne, of Tonkers, Walmer, Kent, and Zoya, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. P. W. C. Hellings, of Kewstoke, Beaconsfield Road, Claygate, Surrey.

Lieutenant B. D. Salwey, R.N., and Miss C. Thorold

The engagement is announced between Bryan David, twin son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Salwey, of the Pilgrim's School, Winchester, and Celia, daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. H. Thorold, of Syston Old Hall, Grantham.

Mr. R. F. Southall and Miss J. E. How

The engagement is announced between Richard Francis, son of His Honour Judge Thomas Southall and Mrs. Southall, of Hill House, Nayland, Suffolk, and Jane Evelyn, daughter of the late Commander G. E. P. How, R.N., F.S.A. (Scot.), and of Mrs. How, of Overnoons, Loddsworth, Sussex.

Mr. J. J. Lewis and Miss P. Q. Harris

The engagement is announced between Julian James, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Lewis, of Bye-Moor, Great Ayton, North Yorkshire, and Patricia Quinn, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Q. Harris, of Silvers, Blackdown Avenue, Pyrford, Surrey.

Mr. B. V. Thomas and Miss A. Read

The engagement is announced between Berian Vaughan Thomas, B.Sc., son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Thomas, of Dolwerdd Lodge, Netpool, Cardigan, and Angela, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Read, of 17 Springdale Road, Broadstone, Dorset, and late of Wilpshire, Blackburn.

Mr. P. B. Clark and Miss A. M. P. Flower

The engagement is announced between Paul Birkett, son of Wing Cdr. I. B. Clark, M.B.E., and Mrs. Clark, of Pilgrims Cottage, Potterne, Wiltshire, and Annarella Mary Pickering, daughter of Lt.-Col. H. S. Flower, O.B.E., and Mrs. Flower, of Broadlands, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

Mr. C. J. H. Wenham and Miss G. B. Cocks

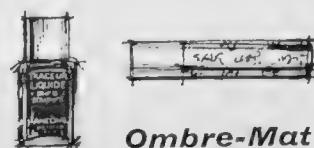
The engagement is announced between Charles, son of Sir John and Lady Wenham, of Winkworth Hanger, near Godalming, Surrey, and Gina, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Cocks, of Robin Gay, Mapledrakes Road, Ewhurst, Surrey.

Mr. R. B. Blake James and Miss R. Leeper

The engagement is announced between Robert, son of Major and Mrs. T. E. Blake James, of Coulton, near Hovingham, York, and Rowan, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. D. Leeper, of Lammas Cottage, Lammas Lane, Esher, Surrey.

Mr. J. H. Kaser and Miss P. M. Bance

The engagement is announced between John Howard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kaser, of Durgates, Wadhurst, Sussex, and Pauline Mary, elder daughter of the late Mr. Norman Bance and Mrs. Gladys Bance, of Cotters Oak, Dibden Purlieu, Hants.



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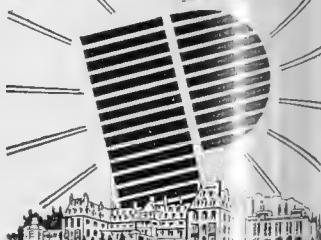
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